the weekly
Standard

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A Warning from the Future

How We Lost the High-Tech War of 2007

by Charles J. Dunlap, Jr.

Lamar Alexander's Ragtag Band
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

Media Bashing, Liberal-Style
ANDREW FERGUSON

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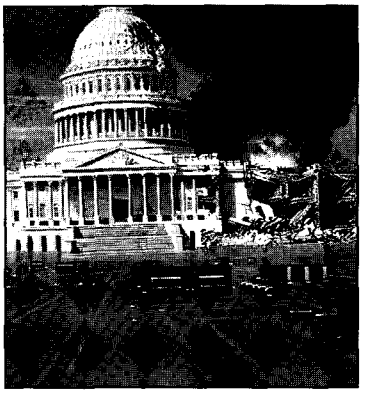

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It Takes a Village to Arrange a Marriage

When liberals seek increased government spending these days, they're less apt to cite the latest Brookings study than to offer up a bit of simple folk wisdom. "It takes a village to raise a child," they'll say, "village" being shorthand for "federal government." The phrase has become a favorite of Jesse Jackson, metro-page columnists, and Amitai Etzioni, self-described "founder of the communitarian movement." Now Hillary Clinton has appropriated the saying for the title of her new book.

Ubiquitous they may be, but where do the words actually come from? They first appeared in a major newspaper in 1984, when the *Washington Post* quoted one Sylvia Steed: "I think it was Maya Angelou who said it takes more than two parents to raise a kid—it takes a whole village."

In the years since, the phrase has almost invariably been described as an "ancient African proverb." According to Horace Dei, an information officer at the Embassy of Ghana, the phrase is indeed both ancient and African, though its meaning seems to have been garbled a bit in the translation from the original Akan.

When residents of Ghana observe that it takes a village to raise a child, says Dei, they aren't talking about fully funding Head Start. Most likely, they're discussing the terms of an arranged marriage, usually between minors.

Dei describes the process: "I say, 'I like your son, he's a very nice young man.' You say 'I like your daughter, too.' And so I'll give her to you. Before we realize it, we have connected them."

My, how progressive.

Boola, Boo . . . Boycott This Item

The latest enemy of higher education comes from within the ivy walls—disgruntled graduate students who want to unionize for more pay, better benefits, and empowerment. At Yale University, the Graduate Employee and Student Organization has been at it for nearly six years—trying to call themselves "workers," thereby deserving of a union. But they're not; they're students. And with tuition waivers worth nearly $19,000 in addition to their teaching stipends of $9,940, they're not exactly oppressed either.

Their most recent job action, withholding fall semester grades, ended when the organization voted 36 to 35 to end its strike against the administration. The usually weak and tractable Yale administration held firm to its original position: Graduate students are students first, not workers. Yale has been driven to financial crisis and chaos several times over the past two decades by ruinously generous union contracts, and just as "compassion fatigue" soured liberals on the homeless, so "strike fatigue" may now be afflicting the Yale community. The *Yale Daily News* has repeatedly run editorials opposed to the action. Even Peter Brooks, chairman of the comparative literature department and notorious for his opposition to the Bass Grant for the study of Western civilization, called Yale grad students the "blessed of the earth" and confessed to sometimes feeling "annoyed" at them for seeing themselves as exploited.

Indeed, the exploited have lost this battle, but AFL-CIO Locals 34 and 35 are standing by the students. With Big Labor dollars and manpower, GESO promises to rise again. And higher education will continue to sink.

Tricky Hillary (cont'd)

"I was working for the committee that impeached President Nixon, for whom Mr. Safire worked, and best I can tell is still working," Hillary Clinton said of her nemesis William Safire in a recent radio interview. Well, since *she* brought it up, let us examine what the First Lady and her associates might have learned from her experience. On March 21, 1973, in the infamous "We Have a Cancer" meeting, Nixon, Bob Haldeman, and John Dean discussed how Dean should conduct himself in testimony before the grand jury:

Haldeman: You can say you have forgotten too, can't you?

Dean: Sure, but you are chancing a very high risk for a perjury situation.

Nixon: But you can say I don't remember. You can say I can't recall. I can't give any answer to that that I can recall.

Haldeman: You have the same perjury thing on the Hill, don't you?

Dean: That's right.

Nixon: Oh hell, yes.

Dean, of course, didn't take the advice. Maybe, more than

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Scrapbook

two decades later, the Clintonites have. Last month, Hillary intimate Susan Thomases testified before the Senate Whitewater Committee and was asked about a meeting she had with Mrs. Clinton a week after Vince Foster's death:

Q: And, according to the records we have, you arrive there at around 3:00. Do you remember coming to the White House?

Thomases: No.

Q: You came up to the second floor of the residence. You remember that?

Thomases: No.

Q: What were you doing up on the second floor for an hour and a half?

Thomases: I don't remember.

Q: Did you see the first lady?

Thomases: I don't remember seeing the first lady that day.

Q: Did you see her that week?

Thomases: I don't remember seeing her that week.

Good work, Susan! Nixon would have been proud.

Freedom Houses

When the Heritage Foundation released its "Index of Economic Freedom," citizens of the Czech Republic could be proud that their economy was rated the 12th freest in the world, up with Canada and the Bahamas. But then a few weeks later, the CATO Institute (among others) put out another index, "Economic Freedom of the World," which had the Czech Republic at number 51, down around Colombia and Pakistan. Heritage listed the welfare-laden Dutch economy at number 6 (above the United States), but CATO put the Netherlands at 11. CATO has Bangladesh up in 66th place with Israel and Turkey, while Heritage has Bangladesh at 107 with Nicaragua and Cameroon. There are methodological differences, of course, but probably the central lesson has to do with the inefficiencies in the foundation sector of our economy.

The Reading List

All you Trollopians out there sure know your stuff. Melanie Kirkpatrick writes of the Jan. 15 Reading List: "Alice Vavasor, not Laura Kennedy, is one of the two ladies with suitable and unsuitable suitors in *Can You Forgive Her?*" Lauren Weiner points out that "Laura Kennedy was in *Phineas Finn*, and she was torn between a man who deserved her and excited her (Phineas) and a real drip (Kennedy)."

The flap over the authorship of *It Takes a Village* puts the Reading List in mind of works featuring ghosts:

Macbeth. Who could forget Banquo's ghost? Is Barbara Feinman a dagger Hillary sees before her?

The Divine Comedy. The poet Virgil must remain a shade, forever outside of Paradise, because he was not baptized—kind of like being denied a White House pass.

Scooby-Doo, Where Are You? Hillary's claim that she is the sole author of her book is so ludicrous that even the moronic ghost-hunting detectives of this long-running Saturday morning cartoon could break the case.

Wuthering Heights. Cathy and Heathcliff meet again only as ghosts on the moors, which is probably where Barbara Feinman had to stash her copy of the original manuscript.

Okay, find that error.

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Casual

Protect the Paper People

Travelgate I can forgive. Likewise the futures trading profits and the attempt to nationalize health care. But now Hillary Clinton is insisting that she wrote her book *It Takes a Village* herself. This outrage violates the social contract.

For the past several years the world of Washington politics has been divided into two classes: the Paper People, who read and write things, and the Tube People, who appear on TV. The Tube People, like Hillary Clinton and other bigwigs, get to do interview programs and appear on the covers of national magazines. They get to take credit for everything. But up until now they haven't been allowed to control the substance of what they say. That quiet pleasure was reserved for the Paper People, who work downstairs formulating policies, drafting speeches, ironing out talking points, and otherwise acting like policy footmen ("Will you be requiring an argument against Medicaid block-granting with dinner, Senator?").

But now Hillary Clinton, with intolerable greed, wants to be the front person *and* the substance person. She showed reporters stacks of handwritten papers that she claimed were the manuscript version of her book. She loudly complained about how difficult it is to face that blank page every morning. She even suggested that she had something to do with the information contained in the book. I pray she is lying. But suppose she isn't? *What is going to be left for the nation's ghostwriters, talking-points drafters, and quote-providers if the famous people of the world start doing their own work?* Calamity.

Consider the meager pleasures of the Paper Person. Last year a friend of mine ghostwrote an op-ed piece for a business executive on a bill before Congress, which was published in a magazine. Then my friend went to work for a politician running for office. The business executive sent the op-ed to my friend's candidate. So my friend got to write a letter in the politician's name that praised the op-ed piece he had written under the business executive's name. Such sweet moments are all the reward ever granted to the Paper Person for his long hours of toil.

Why should a Tube Person want to interfere with such paltry joys? Traditionally, a Tube Person is too busy to read, too busy to write. Tube People have to attend meetings, they have to attend fundraisers, they have to dash off to TV studios. They have to fly days on end so they can appear at a lunch and speak before 200; of course they don't have time to spend a few hours drafting an essay that might be read by a million. Tube People get to sponsor reports they haven't read, they get to blurb books they haven't cracked, they get to vote on bills they haven't looked at (if they are congressmen).

Tube People are Gladys Knight. Paper People are the Pips. You see the Paper People hovering in a crowd of consultation as their Tube strides down the hallway. With their similar gestures and similar suits, the Paper People do come to look like a Motown group, so you might say, "Oh, look, here come Phil Gramm and the Dickey Flatts." Even the Paper People themselves talk about each other as nonentities: "I hear that Panetta's people really liked the memo that Cisneros's people put together. Do you think we could leak it to Koppel's people?"

Eventually, the grubby world of books, magazines, and even unsummarized newspaper articles drops from the Tube Person's schedule, and he or she enters the rarefied world of television self-sufficiency. The snippets of information the Tube Person hears on CNN while dressing in the morning become fodder for his or her judgments during an appearance on the *News Hour with Jim Lehrer* that evening. That's a glamorous way to live. The Tube People should be content with that and not try to horn in on those at the other end of the information economy.

This isn't only a parochial problem for those in the Paper world, who fear that they might be displaced if the likes of Hillary Clinton begin writing their own stuff. This should be of concern to the whole nation. To put it bluntly, Tube People are too busy speaking to have actual knowledge of anything. Only Paper People have the time and inclination to do research, weigh policy initiatives, and read essays. But if we as a nation let Tubes loose on matters of substance, we will be stuck with government based on information culled at dinner parties. The nation must be protected from the political world's famous faces.

Hillary Clinton must publicly swear that she in fact had nothing to do with the writing of her book. If she did write it, she should vow never to do it again. It takes a village of aides to write a book.

David Brooks

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Your mailbox could become a ballot box.

Voting by mail is an idea whose time has come. In December, the State of Oregon held the nation's first statewide vote-by-mail congressional primary election. And it has been used since 1977 for local issues and elections.

In every case, the same good things happened.

Election costs can be as much as $1 million lower, because there are no polling personnel to pay, no space to rent, no polling equipment to transport and set up.

It's secure and reliable, with no evidence of fraud, ballot-tampering or undue influence in fourteen years of use. Signatures on mailed ballots are checked against each voter's registration signature, a double envelope keeps the ballot secret, and, of course, all the criminal penalties for mail fraud and tampering apply to mailed ballots.

Voting by mail also increases voter participation—it broke all records in Oregon. It gives voters plenty of time to make a decision. It eliminates waiting in line to vote, and the problems that keep people away from the polling place, such as bad weather, age or physical handicaps. Voter participation has topped 90% in some contests.

Such results are gratifying to us at the U.S. Postal Service. If voting by mail works in Oregon, why not in other states, or even nationwide? We're glad people trust us to deliver their vote, and like the idea of bringing the ballot box and the voter closer together.

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Forget the Budget, Defeat Clinton

Does the GOP once again deserve its Stupid Party moniker? As William Kristol and David Tell point out ("Why Republicans Must Defeat Bill Clinton" and "Don't Get Mad, Get Even," Jan. 15), the Republicans currently suffer from an advanced case of wishful thinking. Having butchered the budget battle, the party is now seen by the average American as cruel rich people who want to "slash Medicare" and "destroy education." In addition, Republicans have no presidential candidate capable of taking on Bill Clinton, who for all his faults remains a superb campaigner.

Republicans should return to the cohesive strategy that served them so well in 1994. They should cut their losses on the budget (which still leaves them better off than in recent years) and concentrate on getting Bob Dole, Steve Forbes, or whoever elected president this November.

JON PRESCOTT
PATTEN, ME

I have just finished the three cover stories on why we must defeat Clinton ("Why Republicans Must Defeat Bill Clinton," "From 'Big Spin' to 'Big Lie,'" and "For Clinton, A Tough 1996"). What I suggest is missing from these commentaries, and from others I have seen, is criticism of Clinton's incompetence as chief executive.

Franklin Roosevelt once said, "The presidency is preeminently a place of moral leadership. Without leadership alert and sensitive to change, we are all bogged down or lose our way."

John Gardiner, a respected scholar, writes: "Leaders must offer moral leadership, articulating goals that lift people out of their petty preoccupations, carrying them above the conflicts that tear a society apart."

I suspect that even his most loyal supporters would concede that Bill Clinton is indifferent to moral values. But even so, it is apparent that he lacks the leadership qualities expected of a chief executive.

Leaders of any group—a nation, a business, a university—are all faced with conflicting interests and unreasonable demands. It's the leader's job to find and inspire common ground so the enterprise can go forward. In this role, Clinton has failed; when heads of other organizations fail, out they go.

DAVID P. FERRISS
CINCINNATI, OH

I'm in agreement with the editorial on the budget ("Don't Get Mad, Get Even"). The picture emerging is best expressed by Rep. Sam Brownback, who said, "It should be clear to the American people that the president does not want a balanced budget."

The dust kicked up following each

government shutdown enables Clinton to define himself politically. He looks forward to each budget crisis as an opportunity to play the role of bulwark, holding back a raging tide of greedy, heartless Republicans intent on despoiling the environment while they let the American people freeze in their soon-to-be-foreclosed homes.

Clinton is cynically exploiting the good nature of the American people by leading them to believe that the survival of the young, the poor, and the elderly is dependent on him. It is pure theater, of course, but it puts a face on a man who has remained undefined through most of his administration. Republicans need to stop groveling at Clinton's feet and take their case to the people.

THOMAS M. BEATTIE
MT. VERNON, VA

In Defense of Waldholtz

David Grann's list of miscreants ("Oh, Stop Your Whining," Jan. 15) seems justified, except for Congresswoman Enid Waldholtz. The alleged criminal in her matter is her estranged husband. Unless it can be proved that she performed any misdeeds against the public, she is the foremost victim of her husband's alleged misdeeds.

Each of the other members of Grann's list was personally accused of felonious conduct. To date, the only "wrongdoing" attributable to Waldholtz is loving and trusting her husband. Further, Waldholtz's public catharsis probably has saved her sanity, enabling her to continue her life and care for her new baby.

I was impressed by Waldholtz's ability and sincerity. There is a need for feminine intellect in our system of government, irrespective of the innate vulnerability of such intelligence.

NANCY JANCOURTZ
EASTCHESTER, NY

Churches Shouldn't Lobby

In his criticism of congressional proposals to funnel more tax dollars into religious charities ("I Gave at Church," Jan. 15), Timothy Lamer asks, "Are Christian conservatives prepared for the sight of Christian charities lobbying to keep their place at the federal trough?" They already have. When taxpayer-funded political-advocacy reforms were recently proposed, Catholic Charities, USA—which receives 64 percent of its income from the government—was one of the loudest critics.

Daniel Oliver, writing for the Capital Research Center, reported that a comprehensive public policy agenda to benefit nonprofits was developed by the Clinton administration and Independent Sector, an umbrella organization of 850 foundations and nonprofit groups.

My own church is a good example of how dangerous such an alliance could be. Christmas week, I received the following plea from the D.C.-based offices of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. "Send a Christmas message to your Senators and Representative: Vote against the Welfare Reform Bill. Don't

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leave the infant Jesus hungry, homeless, or abused at Christmas."

My response was a terse letter to my pastor threatening a reduction in my tithe. That threat would have been ineffective if my church were supported by tax dollars.

JOANNA WAUGH
PORTER, IN

CANDIDATES: NO MORE TV

David Frum's otherwise thoughtful piece on campaign finance ("An End to Money Grubbing," Jan.15) is marred by his failure to discuss the major reason why candidates have to raise so much money: the purchase of television and radio time.

The single best way to clean up American politics is to make it impossible for candidates to spend their money on TV and radio. The obvious difficulty with this is the Supreme Court, which has ruled that such advertising is protected by the First Amendment. The best campaign finance reform, as I see it, requires a new amendment. I think this is a better suggestion than Frum's, which will make candidates dependent on fewer contributors, but more heavily.

HAL RIEDL
BALTIMORE, MD

THE STENCH AT CORNELL

In my college days, circa 1950, we students of Syracuse University used to sing a disparaging song about Cornell:

Far above Cayuga's waters
There's an awful smell.
Some say its Cayuga's waters
But it is Cornell.

It was, of course, a form of good-natured school rivalry.

Reading Jeremy Rabkin's account of the terror of political correctness now practiced at Cornell ("Briefing for a Descent into Hell: Today's Campus," Jan. 15), I find it appalling that this once great institution has degenerated to satisfy a screeching feminist fringe element.

One can characterize Cornell's harassment policies as a frightening hybrid of the witch trials of Salem and the East German secret police. (Come to think of it, those in the dock at the Salem trials could at least face their hysterical accusers.)

After Rabkin's article, I now hold the words of that old college song in a different light. Something truly smells; it is the rot and decay of a formerly great university.

PAUL VETTERICK
BEAVERTON, OR

TWO-PARTIES? YOU'RE SO VAIN

What incredible arrogance ("The Vanity of Third-Party Politics," Jan. 1/Jan. 8)! The Dummycrats and Robpublicans have been leading us down the same simple, deceitful path to destruction for over 60 years. We desperately need a third party that wishes to return us to a stable Republic.

GLENN ARBUTHNOT
RANCHO PALOS VERDES, CA

OPENING UP TO ALTERNATIVE

Mark Judge's piece ("No Alternative," Jan. 15) shows that when it comes to political correctness, no one beats the right. Judge rejects an entire genre of music because he doesn't like the artists' attitude.

Judge makes weird, elitist charges against alternative music, by saying that the true music of the working man (did Pat Buchanan ghost this?) is actually soul, blues, zydeco, and jazz. Even if this were correct, it's outrageous to attack a genre of music for having the wrong fans.

The 60s artists Judge condemns on what are essentially political grounds—the Velvet Underground, Frank Zappa—made breathtaking music. To shut alternative music out of one's life for non-musical reasons, that's truly a way to get a hole in your soul.

STEVEN KURTZ
LOS ANGELES, CA

Mark Judge's article was interesting but confused. I'm not sure what his point was, other than disliking the *Spin* guide—which most of us who know and care about this music don't take seriously anyway.

"Alternative music" is simply this: music that someone might listen to instead of—as an alternative to—what is purveyed all day long by MTV and the radio. REM, Hole, Green Day, and Nirvana are not alternative groups anymore, and they didn't "sell out"; they simply began to attract a mass audience, doing what they always had.

One of the virtues of a true alternative band is that, because it doesn't care about mainstream appeal, it can afford to disregard traditional rules—even melody and harmony. This may be sheer noise to some; but it speaks effectively and movingly to others.

And further, it's not true that alternative rock expresses nothing but anger, fear, alienation, rebelliousness, and other darkness. A lot of it is based on old-fashioned themes: love, good times, and pointless fun.

GARGI PATEL
BROOKLYN, NY

DON'T BASH NEW HAMPSHIRE

As the primary season approaches, we are again faced with the ritualistic New Hampshire-bashing that takes place in the media. Although this is fully expected from the arrogant liberal establishment that has never been able to gain control of the state, it bothers me that Andrew Ferguson, in a supposedly conservative magazine, would join in as well ("Live Free or Cry," Jan. 1/Jan. 8).

After all, New Hampshire is one of the last states still embodying the limited government, low taxes, and citizen legislature that the new conservative establishment desires.

ALAN SMITH
O'FLALLON, IL

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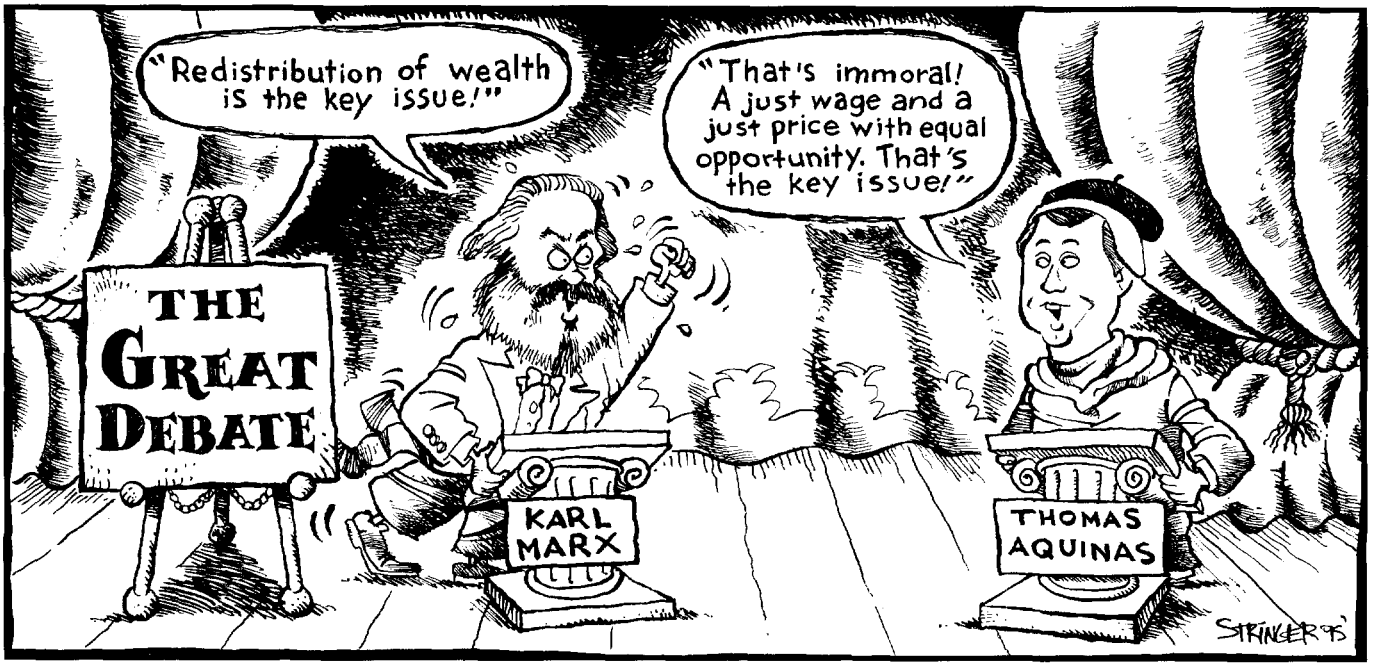

The economic dangers of class warfare

Anyone reading Marx knows he was a bitter, jealous man. He framed every injustice or inequity in the context of a class struggle—against wealth. Reinforcing this was his first-hand observation of the British "long lease." One hundred-year leases tied up property, preventing its passage to the middle class, causing many to flee to America—the land of (ownership) opportunity.

Redistribution or concentration of capital?

Class warfare has once again reared its head without consideration for its true economic consequences. The only economist to be canonized, Saint Thomas Aquinas, spoke out about the evils of attempting to redistribute wealth. He saw such philosophies as immoral and dangerous. He counseled equal *opportunity* with a just wage and a just price—not equality of wealth!

The concentration of wealth is a natural process of economic growth, benefiting society as a whole. The lack of capital concentration was the hallmark of the Dark Ages. Similar folly is Europe's Marxist socialism, which brands individuality, hard work, and success an evil to be tempered and controlled. The results are economic growth rates below 2.5 percent for nearly 30 years and chronic unemployment at 12 percent or more due to social, not prosperity, goals.

Entrepreneurial brilliance or design by committee?

When wealth is concentrated, investment decisions are more easily reached. When consensus is required, entrepreneurial fires are doused. Henry Ford reported to no one when he risked all on an assembly line, propelling America to the top of world productivity. Under Soviet central committees planning, economic hardship and stagnation dominated, thanks to Marx.

Aquinas' just wages & prices—the basics of economic freedom

Guaranteeing freedom of opportunity while preventing unfair monopolies or restricting competition is paramount. We must restore Aquinas' goal of a just wage and a just price. If we focus on these goals, then prosperity will result, rather than stagnation and jealousy.

Indirect taxation—a first step to renewed opportunity

Marx sparked class warfare; our government continues his plan via graduated income taxes. Freedom begins with less government intrusion through indirect taxation—not more aggressive enforcement of direct, income taxation.

We need reform rejecting Marxism forever: Fair indirect, consumption taxes ending personal income taxes as the Constitution intended.

For more information on the Princeton Proposal for tax reform & economic growth, contact:

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the weekly Standard

The State as Bookie

All told, legal gambling in the United States generates roughly $40 billion in annual net revenues, from maybe $500 billion worth of wagers. It is now the nation's fastest growing "entertainment." American casino attendance almost tripled between 1990 and 1994, to 125 million. And so, no surprise, gambling has quickly become a political issue. A series of legally murky, previously submerged, but very high-stakes conflicts currently pits state treasuries, gambling corporations, Indian tribes, and Democrats and Republicans against one another—in complicated, shifting, sometimes surprising alliances all across the country.

How exciting. And yet, at the same time, how bathed in deadening euphemism Washington's gambling debate has been so far.

Gambling promoters—sorry, "gaming industry representatives"—resent this new attention to what they insist is a free-enterprise phenomenon. People gamble of their own volition; no one forces them to. It is fun. And this private pursuit of pleasure brings socially beneficial results. The economy grows. That growth rescues once-depressed towns and cities. And the new tax revenues gambling produces, so often "earmarked" for things like education, fuel unimpeachable public missions with irreplaceable public dollars. It says so right here, in research conducted at the University of Nevada's Las Vegas and Reno campuses. Wink, wink.

Or maybe not. Here's what the doubters say: New gambling joints actually attract a limited local pool of customers. These businesses "grow" nothing, but instead suck a region's fixed entertainment budget away from existing movie theaters and restaurants and into the coffers of parasitic casino companies. Add to this equation the public improvements necessary to sustain new gambling development, and the increased costs of crime control and other social services, and the whole thing nets out. At best.

Notice what's missing from this argument? It is all so excruciatingly polite. The conversation is about dry "policy"—about whether gambling "works" for the purposes around which post-New Deal American government is organized. Robert Goodman, author of the anti-gambling movement's current bible of wonkery, *The Luck Business*, says what animates him is worry over whether gambling is a genuinely effective tool for economic renewal. Why, he asks, "are governments so willing to enter into profit-sharing partnerships with gambling companies, but so averse to making similar arrangements with other, potentially more productive industries?" The gambling craze, he concludes, is of a piece with the sorry general social trend toward empty speculation, like investments in "uninsured mutual funds" and—no kidding—the interest of small boys in trading baseball cards.

What Goodman is *not* so worried about, he writes explicitly, is gambling as a matter of public and private morality. Similarly, Republican Rep. Frank Wolf of Virginia, lead House sponsor of a proposed congressional "gambling commission," denies that he and his allies have "moral musings." Democrat Paul Simon, chief sponsor of a companion Senate measure (and a career-long critic of gaming interests), says the question of gambling "should not be a moral one, rather it should be a practical one." The *Washington Post*, which supports the commission's creation, is quick to identify its concerns "not with the morality of gambling as such," but only with its practical "impact."

Come now: We can do better than that. Some gambling enterprises are successful. Others fail. But on the bottom line, gambling is now a fabulously profitable commerce. Unless you are a socio-industrial policy fetishist, you cannot argue that gambling's "costs" outweigh its benefits.

Except in one unquantifiable respect. Frequent gambling is what used to be known as—pardon the expression—a vice.

Gambling, not to put too fine a point on it, is addictive. It is already a "problem" habit for somewhere between 1.5 percent and 6.5 percent of the adult American population. Those figures can only get larger. The gambling industry employs an arsenal of behavioral psychologists, demographers, and mar-

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keters to devise ever more ingenious inducements for more people to play, and play more and more often. Games like poker and blackjack, which take some time and reward at least a bit of skill and knowledge, are increasingly rare. The typical modern gambling experience involves a keno or slot or video lottery machine, which—with its metronomic, mathematically predetermined payoff thrills—encourages its customer to sit and stare until his money is gone.

Now, it is one thing for a government to *tolerate* such behavior, and stand idly by while some small but tragic percentage of its citizens destroy themselves in its grip. It is quite another for that government to encourage and participate in such behavior directly, to serve as croupier. That is to grant gambling the status of an approved public good—of an *ideal*. It doesn't deserve that status, to put it mildly.

Tocqueville warned that in a society like ours, which prizes free and open competition and embodies the possibility of rapid changes in wealth and position, men naturally come to "think in terms of sudden and easy fortunes, of great possessions easily won and lost, and chance in every shape and form." To combat such dangerous thinking, he said, government should strive to "give daily practical examples to the citizens proving that wealth, renown, and power are the reward of work, that great success comes when it has been long desired, and that nothing of lasting value is achieved without trouble."

Roll over, Alexis. "Hey, you never know!" shout commercials for the New York State Lottery. Life is an arbitrary game, and wagers win the top prize. The chance of that actually happening? Ssshh: one in 13 million. New York dupes its residents out of more than $1 billion each year this way. And they hardly have to move to get taken. Quick Draw, the state's keno scam, holds a new game every five minutes—each televised simultaneously to 2,500 locations from the Canadian border to Staten Island. Thus does the government now actively corrupt its citizens—knowing full well that it is the poorest among them, those least immune to the lure and the damage, who are most often suckered by the pitch.

No, the occasional bingo session or twice-a-year trip to Atlantic City will not grow hair on your palms. For that reason alone, the national abolition of gambling is an infeasible, and unreasonable, goal. Indian tribal casinos, which represent so much of gambling's recent explosive growth, are the product of abstruse constitutional questions. They are tied up both in the courts and in the nation's guilty conscience about the desolation of Indian reservations. They will not go away any time soon.

Nor will the non-Indian casinos that have blossomed since the early 1990s disappear in one fell swoop. Their legality and regulation are traditionally (and properly) the province of state and local authorities. And while there is no groundswell for the *expansion* of this branch of the gambling industry—statewide referenda on such questions are usually defeated—neither is there a popular movement sufficient to repeal it anywhere it exists. Too many Americans have cycled "harmlessly" through too many gambling establishments for that. The notion that privately owned gambling constitutes a grave and immediate threat to society hasn't yet taken hold, and may never do so.

But lotteries are another story. New York, 35 other states, and the District of Columbia now rely on these cynical, socially corrosive forms of regressive taxation for revenue they would be unable to acquire otherwise. Most lotteries actually predate the private and Indian casinos that now capture so much public attention. This kind of state-managed gambling, at very least, is irreducibly a matter of both private and public morality, especially when it is advertised so relentlessly. And it is already way, *way* out of control.

The new anti-gambling caucus in Washington is a welcome development, if only for the useful debate it might inspire. But that debate is needlessly weakened by the resort to peripheral arguments apparently adopted in an attempt to dodge accusations of finger-wagging Puritanism. In this case, properly targeted, a little Puritanism wouldn't be so bad. Aim for gambling's worst, unarguable sin. State-run lotteries are state-sponsored vice.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Who is Michael Chertoff?

by Matthew Rees

Michael Chertoff, chief counsel to the Senate Whitewater Committee, can make smart people look stupid. Fade back to the summer of 1995. He is getting his first crack at the Clinton inner circle in the matter of the death of Vincent Foster, deputy White House counsel, two years before. In an intense cross-examination, he asks Susan Thomases, New York lawyer and close friend of Hillary Clinton, why she was notified *before* President Clinton of the discovery of a torn up note in Foster's

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briefcase six days after his death. She explains that the president was out of town. Most lawyers would follow up by asking why the president's being away presented a problem. But Chertoff commands a more expeditious means of torpedoing her explanation: He points out that Thomases herself was out of town.

Amidst all the minutiae of Foster's death, not every lawyer would have recalled the whereabouts of Susan Thomases at a moment's notice. But Chertoff is a lawyer of rare skill. A 1978 graduate of Harvard Law School, he studied under Watergate special prosecutor Archibald Cox and worked on the law review. His prowess at argument made him the inspiration for not one but two characters in Scott Turow's bestselling book about law students, *One L*. He went on to clerk for Supreme Court justice William Brennan, who called him "exceptional." Later, Chertoff had a meteoric rise through the ranks as a U.S. attorney in New York (his boss was Rudy Giuliani) and New Jersey, successfully prosecuting four mayors, as well as notorious figures like consumer electronics tycoon "Crazy Eddie" and Genovese crime king Anthony "Fat Tony" Salerno.

Michael Chertoff

Kevin Chadwick

As a prosecutor, Chertoff handled cases involving large and complicated financial crimes, as well as the misdeeds and coverups of politicians. His success was widely noted. (Even the lawyer who defended one of Chertoff's targets, a former mayor of Jersey City charged with savings and loan fraud, said the effect of Chertoff's cross-examinations was to "turn our witnesses into his witnesses.") When President Clinton, shortly after assuming office, took the unprecedented step of firing all the U.S. attorneys, Senator Bill Bradley, a New Jersey Democrat, requested that Chertoff be retained. He was, and he went on to develop a good working relationship with Attorney General Janet Reno.

In the spring of 1994, however, Chertoff moved to the private sector. He had barely settled into the Newark office of the Los Angeles law firm Latham & Watkins when a call came from Senator Alfonse D'Amato asking him to take the job of minority counsel to the Senate Whitewater Committee. "Senator D'Amato told me he wanted to get the facts out and to do it professionally," Chertoff says. At the time, he had only a "casual acquaintance" with Whitewater, but he accepted, and—except for a nine-month hiatus between the summer hearings in 1994 and the committee's reconstitution by the newly Republican Senate the following spring—that byzantine tangle of money and politics has occupied him ever since.

Will Chertoff have the same success at unraveling Whitewater that he had at prosecuting crooks? And can he handle Washington's rough ways? One who says he is the best possible choice for the job is William Codinha, chief counsel to the Whitewater committee when it was under Democratic control.

Codinha is probably right. Quite apart from his talent, Chertoff is motivated by an almost Puritan desire to root out political corruption. Listen to his words in a May 1995 interview with the *New York Times*: "There is nothing more corrosive of people's faith in the system, and of people's faith in the larger citizenry, than if there is a special group that has an in, that controls everything, and that shuts everybody else out." He wasn't talking about Arkansas, but he might as well have been. Asked on *Larry King Live* to name the single most important issue in the Whitewater probe, he answered: "What did Mrs. Clinton and what did Governor Clinton know about the activities of their business partner and Mrs. Clinton's client, Jim McDougal"—the same McDougal who is under a 14-count indictment for assorted business schemes in Clinton's Arkansas.

In pursuit of the answer, Chertoff has put the White House on the defensive, with his rapid-fire questioning and encyclopedic knowledge of the Whitewater labyrinth. Plainly, he possesses a more thorough understanding of some once-confidential White House meetings than people who were actually there. After joining the Whitewater committee staff in the summer of 1994, he quickly perceived the need to probe what appeared to be improper contacts between the White House and the Treasury over possible criminal referrals springing from the failure of McDougal's Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan. The ensuing hearings revealed that Roger Altman, deputy secretary of the Treasury, had lied in previous congressional testimony about his contacts with the White House over Madison, and Altman was forced to resign.

Back then, when the committee was run by the Democrats, only senators were permitted to conduct the questioning. After control of Congress changed hands, D'Amato chaired the reconstituted Whitewater Committee, and he persuaded Chertoff to return. This time Chertoff could assume a higher profile. Critics in

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the press and many Democrats dismissed the hearings in the summer of 1995 as a thinly disguised attack on the Clinton administration. Yet, while the chief counsel uncovered no smoking gun, he did elicit conflicting testimony from a slew of current and former administration officials about the White House's response to Foster's death.

Under D'Amato, the committee's approach has been plodding. "This is a case that's going to be built one step at a time," Chertoff says. That suits D'Amato, who doesn't want to be seen as conducting a witch hunt. But it is also a matter of necessity, as important documents continue to dribble out of the White House. Chertoff calls the delays "very disturbing" and says they have gotten worse. He cites the administration's refusal to turn over e-mail records and says, "I doubt we have everything we need."

It is unclear what's next on the agenda, but Chertoff remains intrigued by Arkansas mores and the death of Vince Foster. "What was really going on in Arkansas?" he asks. "What did Jim McDougal give to the Clintons? And what did he expect in return?" With reference to Foster, he says: "I still find myself baffled by the memory lapses [of Clinton administration officials] on key days in July 1993."

For now, Chertoff and his staff of seven lawyers continue working 14-hour days, ensconced in their austere eighth-floor offices in the Senate's Hart building. The Whitewater Committee is only authorized to work until February 29, though with new documents still being released, that deadline is sure to be extended. And Chertoff says he expects to stay with the committee until the end: "My attitude is, if you begin something, you should finish it." That's the worst news the Clinton administration, and Susan Thomases, are likely to hear for some time. ♦

The Worst Boss, Part II

by Matt Labash

Lying low hasn't been easy for Rep. Barbara-Rose Collins of late—and not just because of her splashy Motor City fur-feather'n'leather ensembles, which a former staffer says bear resemblance to "a Christmas tree sitting down."

Upon last visiting the Detroit congresswoman (The Weekly Standard, Oct. 2, 1995), we detailed how office staffers were made to put on her slippers, fetch her pedicure prongs, read her palms, brew coffee the exact color of her skin, wash dishes as punishment, infiltrate Hill parties to intercept barbecue, etc.—while suffering racial slurs, chastisement for using Collins's bathroom, constant threats of firing, and various other indignities.

As if categorically stomping the competition for Worst Boss on the Hill weren't ignominy enough, now she has real problems and is in the running for Most Corrupt Boss as well. Largely thanks to the reporting of Sarah Pekkanen in *The Hill*, Collins is being probed concurrently by the Federal Election Commission, the FBI, the Justice Department, and the House Ethics Committee for allegations including but not limited to:

• Failing to itemize over $14,000 of campaign expenses charged to an American Express Card.

• Using tax dollars to buy stamps for bulk campaign mailings and dubious airline tickets—former staffers told me they'd picked up her mother, maid, and boyfriend from the airport after they flew in under a staffer's name.

• Offering bogus itemized expenditures that exceed her receipts by thousands of dollars.

• Writing campaign checks to staffers, who then float the cash right back to her.

• Having a staffer cash a check for thousands drawn off a scholarship fund for low-income Detroit students, then allegedly funneled into Collins's purse.

So she might be a crook, you say, but is it fair to call her Capitol Hill's worst boss? Yes. Consider her Yuletide Massacre last month, when four staffers (including one who was three months pregnant) were fired, after three of them were subjected to lengthy interrogations by deputy chief of staff Royal Hart. According to newspaper accounts and former staffers I spoke with, Hart said Collins ordered him to conduct taped interviews with aides to determine who'd been leaking information to the media.

He specifically mentioned a December account in *The Hill* of peeved employees' being told Collins wanted money instead of a Christmas gift. This is consistent with our reporting on regular Christmas and birthday shakedowns, when staffers were bullied by chief of staff Meredith Cooper to pony up "contributions" to Collins for simple somethings like a Nordic Track and a hand-carved chess set.

Former staffers claim Hart asked the interrogatees, "Are you willing to take a polygraph?" Those who refused "were not reappointed," in Cooper's words, though she denies the polygraph incident and every

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other allegation listed herein. (Cooper, Hart, and Collins failed to respond to numerous interview requests for this story.)

By all accounts, Cooper is responsible for the mass firings. One former staffer said Cooper, who has worked for Collins since 1975, completely controls access to the member to the point of hoarding: "I could go a whole week without seeing Collins even if she was in the office."

Collins admitted as much on the stand at last summer's Office of Fair Employment Practices hearing, which resulted in her having to pay her gay former press secretary Bruce Taylor over $20,000 after he was canned by Cooper, who suspected he had AIDS, two days after his partner died.

Struggling to recall many of her staffers' names or even the name of her own committee while under questioning by a lawyer, Collins was asked, "Do you remember if at the time you had a legislative director?" "I don't know," she said. "I tried not to run the office, you know, I tried to be the congresswoman."

Ex-staffer Tony Martin says he once heard Collins say she'd "fire every motherf—ing staffer just to keep" Cooper. And she nearly has. According to staffers, neither Cooper nor Collins is vying for the title of Sharpest Tool in the Shed. Collins once began a meeting with the General Accounting Office by asking what the initials GAO stood for. Cooper, says Bruce Taylor, "didn't know how a bill becomes a law. . . . One time she asked me, 'How do you draft legislation?'"

Kent Lemon

Barbara-Rose Collins

This doesn't stop the two women from making boasts to the contrary. Collins falsely claimed to be a Mensa member in her 1990 campaign. And Cooper, who four former staffers say claims she went to law school, never actually finished college. After checking with Central Michigan University to corroborate a biography of Cooper published in *Roll Call* in 1991, according to which Cooper had graduated from the school with a degree in community development, I learned from officials that they had no record of her diploma. When I confronted her with this in a lengthy interview last year, she denied ever saying it, claiming it was an "error on [*Roll Call*'s] part" and that "it is not unique for the press to concoct anything."

The author of that *Roll Call* column, Karen Foerstel, says all her information was gathered from "either talking to the person themself or getting a press release from the office."

Cooper said, as Collins has often claimed, that her boss is a victim of racism (despite the accounts of numerous black staffers that they were told they'd be fired and replaced with whites). "In the House elevator," Cooper said, "some of the white members will allow the white women to go first, but they'll go ahead of Ms. Collins." "Who?" I asked. "I don't know their names, but it's disrespectful."

Even unemployed, her fired staffers are relieved. "I'm just glad it's over," says one. "Some people's first job is McDonald's. Mine was working on the Hill. I can only go up from there." ♦

HTTP://DEMS.LYNCH.NEWT

by John J. Pitney, Jr.

The Democratic National Committee's site on the World Wide Web (http://www.democrats.org) recently invited computer users to take part in a high-tech lynching of Speaker Gingrich.

In this Internet version of the game of "hangman," the player would guess letters of the alphabet to spell a word. For each correct guess, the site added a new part to a stick figure and displayed a different quotation from Gingrich. At the end of the game, the screen showed the stick figure hanging from a gallows, above the game's magic word: EXTREMIST.

This bore some resemblance to a death threat. If that observation seems overblown, just imagine what would happen if someone sent the White House a picture of the president hanging from a gallows. Don't try this at home: the Secret Service would investigate at once, and rightly so.

According to a DNC spokeswoman, the "hangman" joke was intended "as a takeoff on a child's game

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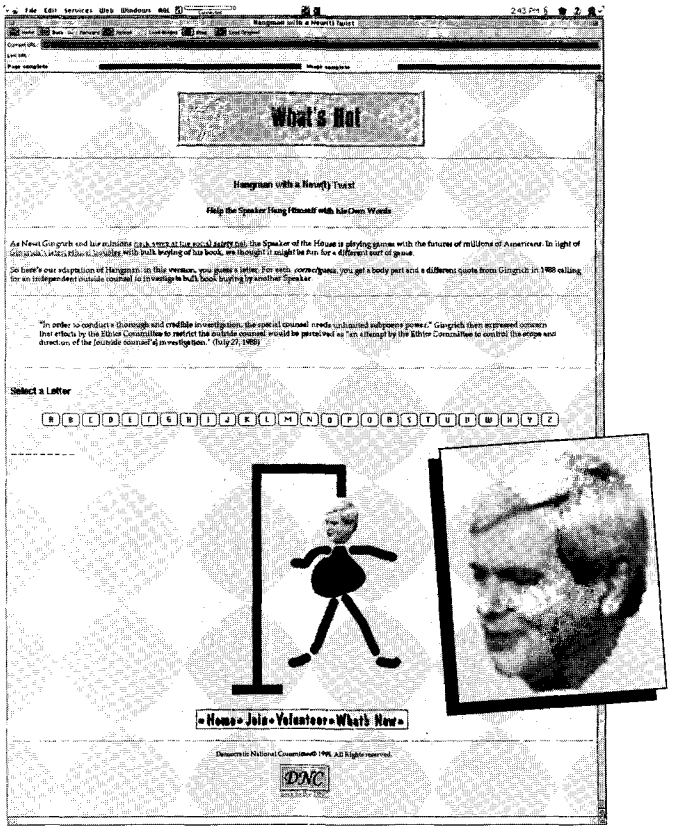
and was not meant as anything more than showing that the speaker is extreme and childish." Still, the game crossed into the realm of questionable behavior.

This incident points out just how much, how virulently, the Democrats hate the speaker. Casual usage has rubbed some of the edge off of the word *hate*, but here it applies with all its soul-churning, mouth-foaming force. At a 1994 campaign rally, the wife of Michigan Democratic Rep. Sander Levin let slip what a good many Democrats were feeling. The Republicans, she said, "signed a contract not with their constituents, but with Newt Gingrich. The devil, they signed a contract with the devil."

Democrats might argue that their hatred of Gingrich is not a major national issue and that the "hangman" game was merely a misstep by overzealous DNC staffers. Indeed, one might shrug off the incident—except that Democrats themselves have made such an issue out of the consequences of political "hate speech." Recall how in his remarks on the Oklahoma City bombing, President Clinton assailed nameless "purveyors of hatred and division" and "promoters of paranoia." And he called on Americans to rise against them: "It is time we all stood up and spoke against that kind of reckless speech and behavior. If they insist on being irresponsible with our common liberties, then we must be all the more responsible with our liberties."

A few months later, after the National Republican Congressional Committee issued a "Wanted" poster featuring Democrats who had voted against the Contract with America, the Democrats were quick to cry foul. When Rep. Maxine Waters saw her face on the poster, she told the *Los Angeles Times*, she sent it to the House sergeant-at-arms, which handles House security, and the FBI. "In the twisted minds of the McVeighs of the world," she said, "this could be a hit list."



What a tangled Web: a composite of the DNC's Internet site

In a press release, Democratic National Committee chairman Don Fowler also denounced the poster. You can find the release on the same Web site as the "hangman" game.

John J. Pitney, Jr., associate professor of government at Claremont McKenna College, last wrote about a fraudulent Tocqueville quotation for THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

THE DOLE-KEMP MINUET

by Fred Barnes

FERVENT ENDORSEMENT OF A MODIFIED flat tax by Jack Kemp's commission on tax reform was no surprise, but what Kemp said afterwards was. Kemp, known for his ideological boldness but political caution, declared he'll endorse a Republican presidential candidate before the Iowa caucuses on February 12. Scott Reed, the ex-Kemp aide who now manages Senate majority leader Bob Dole's campaign, was floored. So was former congressman Vin Weber, who stays in close touch with Kemp. And so was everyone in the presidential camp of Steve Forbes, whose supply-side economic ideas virtually match Kemp's.

Six weeks ago, Kemp's announcement would have stirred minimal interest. But that was before Forbes made taxes the paramount issue in the GOP race and surged into second place behind Dole by exploiting that issue. Suddenly the Kemp commission's report gained stature—a media throng showed up for its release on January 17—and Kemp the premier Republican tax cutter became a hot property again. Dole, threatened by Forbes, wants Kemp's public support.

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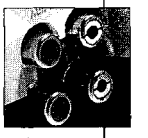

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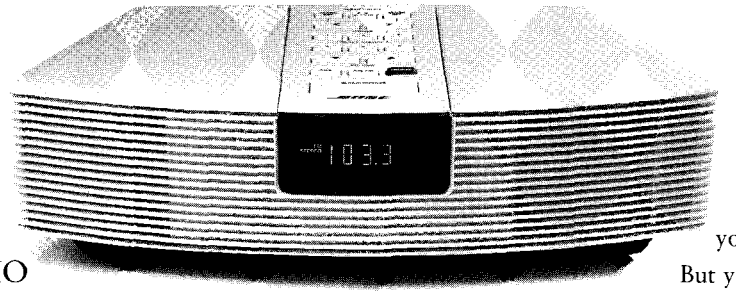

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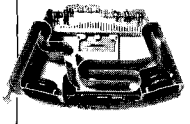

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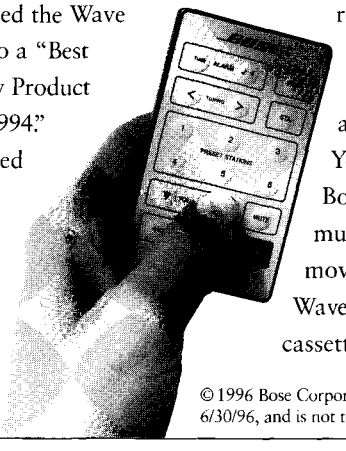

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But Forbes thinks Kemp is beholden to him.

Should Kemp side with Dole, it will culminate an extraordinary minuet over the past year. Dole had been leery of Kemp for two decades, mostly because of the latter's boundless zeal for tax cuts. But friends of Kemp, including Reed, persuaded Dole to appoint the panel on taxes. The tacit deal was that Kemp, as head of the commission, would get to shape Republican tax policy and maybe get a job in a Dole administration—in exchange for endorsing Dole or at least not joining another presidential contender. Problems arose. Dole feared the commission would produce a tax proposal he couldn't live with, and he was irritated with Kemp's public pleas for Colin Powell to enter the GOP race. In the end, though, Dole was pleased with the commission's report.

Dole has a reasonably strong case: If Kemp wants to be a factor in the next Republican administration, mostly likely a Dole one, he'd better get right with Dole now. Otherwise, he'll wind up as "a trophy on the shelf at the Heritage Foundation," says a Kemp associate. Kemp's chances of being Treasury secretary may be slim, but there are other influential roles he could play, particularly in placing tax-cutting allies inside a Dole White House and cabinet. Already, the commission has prompted Dole and House speaker Newt Gingrich to agree that the current tax code should be totally replaced by, in Dole's words, "a fairer, flatter, simpler approach to taxes." That, says Kemp, "is a big step."

Forbes's claim to Kemp is based on friendship, ideological agreement, and a promise. The two have worked together as leaders of Empower America, the Republican think tank. And in his magazine, Forbes has promoted Kemp's ideas for years. Then last April in Phoenix, after Kemp reiterated his intention not to run, he offered to back Forbes if he ran for president. Jude Wanniski, a Kemp adviser and Forbes backer, said Kemp's "promise to Steve would have been mooted if Steve got out there, was inept, and got laughed off the stage." But since Forbes has mounted a strong campaign, "Jack really has no choice. He should be endorsing ASAP." And not Dole. Wanniski has told Kemp if he sides with Dole, "You'll be one of a zillion guys on the bandwagon." Besides, he argues, Dole really favors austerity, not tax cuts.

Kemp doesn't deny he committed himself to Forbes: "I said I'd support him just about like that." However, "A lot has happened since then," Kemp adds. For one thing, Dole created the commission, put Kemp in charge, and embraced its recommendations. Also, Dole warmed to a flat tax. "I have no problem with the single rate if it's fair," Dole said. Though the commission didn't endorse a specific rate, Kemp personally favors 19 percent. But he had kind words for Forbes's 17 percent flat tax. "It would lead to an explosion of economic growth and that is the number one goal," Kemp said after releasing his report.

Whatever he decides, Kemp won't announce it until after the Super Bowl on January 28. He wants to consult Gingrich, Weber, Wanniski, Bill Bennett, and others. His choice appears to be between Dole and Forbes. Senator Phil Gramm, for one, isn't pursuing Kemp, insisting that endorsements don't matter at this point. "If I decide to endorse Dole," Kemp says, "I'd go to Steve and tell him why the ground has shifted [since last April]. If I decide to endorse Forbes, I'd go to Dole and tell him man to man why I'm doing it."

Until then Dole and Forbes will continue to endure what a Kemp adviser calls "the Kemp experience." It goes like this: Just when you think he isn't important anymore, he is, and you need him. Kemp is frustrating to work with and, now out of office, lacks a power base in the party. But he has a national following, and Dole and Forbes are convinced his endorsement is a prize worth winning. ♦

Welfare Hints from Eloise

by Carolyn Lochhead

When President Clinton vetoed welfare reform on January 9, he quashed states' hopes of receiving block grants and, with them, greater freedom to manage welfare as they saw fit. Nevertheless, confident that block grants will eventually pass, California governor Pete Wilson is pressing ahead with his state's first overhaul of Aid to Families with Dependent Children since the program was started for widows and orphans in 1935.

Wilson plans to introduce his legislative package in March or April, after holding hearings around the state. The proposed remake is the brainchild of Eloise Anderson, 53, whom Wilson recruited from Wisconsin governor Tommy Thompson's innovative welfare team. Now director of the California Department of Social Services, Anderson, the daughter of a maid and a janitor, began her career as a social worker in Toledo, Ohio, trying to help women keep their children and get off welfare.

Her familiarity with the system has bred contempt

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for welfare as we know it. She describes AFDC as "government-sponsored child abuse," a deeply destructive program that has crippled poor communities, undermined family formation, marginalized poor men, and victimized children. When she unveiled her reforms on January 10, she vowed her "drastic" changes would lift "the cover off the cesspool of AFDC" and cast the light of day on its festering social pathologies.

The reforms draw on decades of welfare research, data from California's respected collection system, suggestions from the counties, Anderson's own formative experiences, and her twice-monthly visits to welfare offices around the state. If implemented, her scheme will transform the largest welfare system in the nation, covering 2.6 million people and consuming more than a quarter of all the money spent nationwide on AFDC.

Eloise Anderson

Kent Lemon

The plan distinguishes four groups of welfare clients: the temporarily unemployed, who make up about half the caseload and who usually leave the system within two years without help from the state; hardcore welfare dependents, some 15 percent of the caseload, who often start receiving AFDC as teenagers and who may have other problems, like substance abuse, mental instability, or illiteracy, that make them only marginally employable; the disabled; and children whose parents are ineligible but who need assistance. The reforms would primarily affect the first two groups.

For the temporarily unemployed, the emphasis would be on getting work. Beneficiaries would receive a flat cash grant regardless of family size, reduced every six months, for up to two years. Some child care and other services would be provided, to facilitate an intensive job search based on a successful model developed in Riverside County. The message to recipients is clear.

"We expect them to walk in and say, 'You know, I've got a problem, my husband and I have separated, I'm without a job, I need some help,'" Anderson says. "And our response is, 'Well, what do you think you can do, since you can't stay here for long? How can we help you to be at work at least part-time in six months?' . . . People live up or down to the expectations we have of them. If we approach people like that from the beginning, I think you have a very different response than we've been getting."

Another major change is that beneficiaries without work experience and deemed at risk for long-term dependency would be ineligible for cash grants. Instead of a monthly check, they would receive vouchers for various living expenses equivalent to the current grant of $607 a month, along with vouchers for intensive social services, including drug, alcohol, and mental health treatment. A five-year lifetime limit would apply.

In an attempt to head off some long-term dependency, the reforms would radically change California's approach to unwed mothers. For one thing, women would no longer have to be single to receive aid, upending AFDC's original assumption that widowhood or desertion was the cause of women's need for state support. At last, AFDC would cease to be a disincentive to marriage. Intact families and men caring for their children would be eligible if they met income and asset tests. On the other hand, mothers would be expected to work.

An important special provision would apply to unwed teenage mothers. In a return to an older social-work model, before the welfare rights movement of the 1960s made cash the solution to poverty and dismissed social workers as intrusive, Anderson would institute intensive "home visitation." Social workers would visit teen mothers at home (that is, in most cases, at the home where they grew up, since welfare would no longer provide teens the cash with which to pay their own rent).

The workers would keep an eye on the entire household situation. They would be authorized to intervene not just to help the teen mother, but also to address a young brother's involvement with a gang, say, or the alcoholism of an adult in the family. A home worker who discovered problems, like drug abuse or child neglect, would take some kind of action.

The purpose here is to break a cycle documented in California's welfare data: AFDC is feeding people into the state's costly foster care, drug treatment, and juvenile delinquency systems. The numbers were so striking, Anderson says, "that it became clear that we cannot continue to walk away, just giving these fami-

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lies money and assuming that money is what they need."

Children especially would have a better chance, Anderson believes, if they could be helped before they started failing in school or suffering the extremes of neglect required to trigger intervention now. New research, she says, shows that home visitation reduces child abuse, unintended pregnancies, and unemployment.

Intervention, of course, requires the client's cooperation—or else. Under California's proposal, if a welfare recipient refused help and came up against the five-year time limit, the ultimate sanction would be removal of children from the home. Anderson contends that this already happens, but much later in the family's history—after children have suffered more, and it is often too late to give them a decent start. Most children in California's foster care system, she says, were not beaten or sexually abused but simply neglected.

The five-year cutoff is intended as a strong incentive for people to take hold of their lives. Right now, Anderson says, welfare recipients feel they can get treatment or not, with no sense of urgency. If the state offers intensive help of many different kinds but only for a limited period, the theory goes, some people will realize they must act. If they are treated as capable adults, rather than helpless and irresponsible ones, some will meet the system's higher expectations.

Over time, she predicts, the new approach could cut long-term dependency by two-thirds and slash juvenile crime and foster care. Because the long-term AFDC population is relatively small but the source of so many costly social problems, Anderson says the Wilson administration is willing to spend heavily on intervention, drawing on savings expected in the rest of the system as time limits shrink caseloads.

But the question remains: Will Washington politicians agree to go along? Eloise Anderson, for one, is scathing about the presumption of those who would block serious attempts by states like hers to tackle these problems in favor of the status quo. She reserves particular scorn for President Clinton.

"This man ran for president saying 'I'm going to end welfare as we know it' . . . Well, I'm sorry, but . . . nothing that he has put on the table deals with the issues that we believe are big issues in this AFDC population. He has put nothing on the table to talk about substance abuse among parents. He has put nothing on the table to talk about mental illness among parents. He's put nothing on the table that talks about how do we begin to help teen moms, nothing about that. Nothing about juvenile delinquency. Nothing. . . . And I thought that the child-loving Democrats would do something different."

In fact, Clinton did try to do something different, with his misbegotten plan for universal health care. Nor is there any guarantee that California's new approach to welfare will succeed. Still, it is hard to imagine that the reformers have come up with anything worse for children or more costly to society than the bankrupt welfare system that exists now.

Carolyn Lochhead is Washington correspondent for the **San Francisco Chronicle.**

HILLARY'S DEFENDERS

by Tucker Carlson

NOT EVERYBODY DISLIKES HILLARY Rodham Clinton, even if her approval rating is now the lowest ever recorded for a president's wife. The First Lady does have her defenders, and two years ago, a number of them got together and formed an organization called the Back to Business Committee. To hear chairman Lynn Cutler tell it, Back to Business is a grassroots operation, the result of a spontaneous outpouring of support for Hillary from women all over the country who are incensed by her treatment at the hands of Republican inquisitors. Cutler has spent much of the last two years hopping from talk show to newspaper interview in defense of Hillary Clinton, doing her best to explain away the details of the Whitewater and travel office scandals, while at the same time denouncing the current Senate investigation as a right-wing witch hunt. FED UP HILLARY PALS FIGHT BACK—it makes a good headline. Only it's not quite accurate.

For one thing, the Back to Business Committee doesn't actually exist, at least not in the strict physical sense. "Like, we don't have an actual Back to Business office," is how Stacy Beck, whose name is listed on the group's press releases, describes the situation. Instead, the for-profit "committee," which has no dues-paying members, is located in the starkly modern offices of the Kamber Group, a liberal public relations firm in downtown Washington headed by a former organized-labor official named Victor Kamber.

Indeed, determining where the Kamber Group ends and the Back to Business Committee begins is no

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simple task. The committee's chairman and only apparent corporate officer, Lynn Cutler, is also vice president and a long-time employee of the group. (Cutler claims the committee has other chartered officers, but can't remember their names.) The Kamber Group, one of the biggest firms of its kind in the city, handles nearly all of the committee's operations, which makes Lynn Cutler, as an executive of both organizations, her own client. Asked to explain the confusing arrangement, Stacy Beck pleads confusion: "You're getting into technicalities that are a little too complicated for me."

The group's literature does its best to set matters straight. "Back to Business is an organization of Democrats," it says, "with no official connection to either the Democratic Party or the Clinton Administration." Maybe, but if the committee itself doesn't have ties to the White House, the people who work for it do. The list of Kamber Group employees reads like a Democratic party alumni directory. Kamber executive Don Sweitzer, who has appeared on television several times in the past few weeks representing the committee, was until recently the political director of another committee—the Democratic National Committee. Kamber's director of media relations, Enid Doggett, worked on the 1992 Clinton campaign. Lynn Cutler herself worked for 12 years as vice chairman of the DNC. Neel Lattimore, Hillary Clinton's spokesman and a man keenly interested in the work of the Back to Business Committee, spent three years as a Kamber employee.

Not to mention the Kamber Group itself, which has significant financial ties to the Democratic party. Cutler says that the firm landed a major contract with the DNC about six months ago—not long after the Back to Business Committee had begun to defend Mrs. Clinton in earnest.

The literature that the Kamber Group/Back to Business Committee puts out—in press releases and on its site on the Internet—can sound a little intemperate. Conservative philanthropist Richard Scaife, who has funded investigations into Whitewater and Vince Foster's death, is described as a "right-wing sugar daddy extraordinaire." Bold headlines invite readers to learn about the "Scaife-Gingrich Connection" and Senator Alfonse "D'Amato's Ties to the Mob."

For Back to Business chairman Cutler, such bare-knuckle lobbying comes naturally. The 57-year-old Cutler has been playing flack to embattled Democratic leaders since before many current White House staffers were out of high school. As a DNC official in 1987, Cutler defended California controller Gray Davis (now the state's lieutenant governor), who had been accused of using state phones to make long-distance fund-raising pitches, including several to the Kamber Group. Davis's staff, Cutler bravely insisted at the time, "could have been returning a call." Two years later, in 1989, Cutler came to the aid of Rep. Barney Frank (brother of former Back to Business chairman Ann Lewis) when the congressman was found to have a male prostitution business operating out of his Washington townhouse. "The service Barney Frank has provided to this country cannot be overshadowed by this one incident," Cutler told the press. "I wouldn't call it a transgression."

Such dogged loyalty to the party has brought Cutler a long way since 1981, when she was a county commissioner in Waterloo, Iowa. After losing two campaigns for Congress, she relocated to Washington and spent much of the 1980s helping to run the DNC.

Like the designated brawler on a losing hockey team, Cutler often makes up in aggression what she lacks in substance. One of her favorite ideological hip checks is throwing charges of bigotry at her political enemies. In 1994, she wrote the now-infamous fund-raising letter for Dianne Feinstein, in which she implied that Feinstein's opponent in the California Senate race, Michael Huffington, was an anti-Semite. Huffington, she wrote, "represents everything that is antithetical to us as women and as Jews." Her evidence? As Cutler later explained to the *Washington Post*, "He's for school prayer. And he's not in favor of a woman's right to choose abortion."

Needless to say, it has been a tougher assignment to cast the Protestant Hillary Clinton as a victim of anti-Jewish prejudice. But Cutler is not easily stymied. The latest attacks on the First Lady by "Al D'Amato et al.," she declares, are nothing less than a "pogrom."

When she isn't crying bigotry, Cutler likes to trot out what might be called the "America can't take a strong woman" thesis. "This is so typical," Cutler remarked to old friend and *Washington Post* columnist Judy Mann (who has promoted Cutler in no fewer than 14 separate columns for the newspaper). "Strong woman stands up, speaks out, moves forward, bam. This is not just Hillary under attack here. It's everybody."

The Kamber Group may have been the natural choice for the job of defending Hillary Clinton. Like Lynn Cutler, the firm's head, Victor Kamber, has a history of coming to the aid of Democrats in trouble. It was Kamber, after all, who in 1980 directed the Citizens Committee for Frank Thompson's Defense, a group dedicated to helping the New Jersey congressman beat charges that he took bribes in the Abscam sting. Unfortunately for Thompson, Kamber's help didn't do much good. The congressman was later convicted and sentenced to three years in prison. ♦

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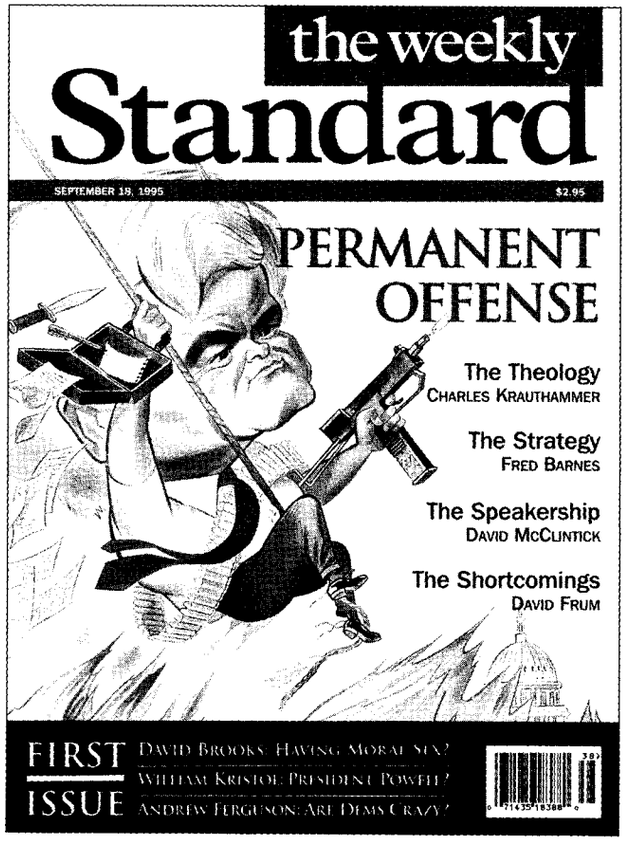

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How We Lost the High-Tech War of 2007

A Warning from the Future

by Charles J. Dunlap, Jr.

The following is the transcript of a secret address delivered by the Holy Leader to the Supreme War Council late in the year 2007.

In the name of The One Above, I offer greetings to my fellow warriors! Today, with His grace, I speak of our great victory over our most evil enemy, America. A little more than 10 years ago experts thought that what became known as the Revolution in Military Affairs would leave developing nations like ours incapable of opposing a high-tech power like the United States. With the help of The One Above, we proved them wrong. They were guilty, as those who defy the sayings of the divine usually are, of idolatry—though in this case they did not worship graven images, but the silicon chip. As though a speck of sand could defeat the will of The One Above.

At the heart of the "revolution in military affairs" were the amazing new technologies that Americans believed "would make cyberwar and information war the distinguishing feature of future conflict," as one of their experts, Richard Szafranski, put it in 1995.

American thinking about the revolution in military affairs was based on grand visions of long-distance wars—push-button conflicts against cybernetically inferior foes. Once again, the Americans neglected to study history's many examples of supposedly outmatched combatants prevailing over better-equipped rivals. And they took it for granted that their potential adversaries would accept the American interpretation of this "revolution."

But America's most likely opponents were invariably unlike America and thus not beholden to the American interpretation. The late 20th and early 21st century saw the reemergence of what British historian John Keegan called "warrior" societies. Like us, they are "brought up to fight, think fighting honorable, and think killing in warfare glorious." A warrior in such societies, Keegan wrote, "prefers death to dishonor and kills without pity when he gets the chance." The Americans ignored a warning from one of their own, Maj. Ralph Peters, who wrote in 1994 that the "new warrior class already numbers in the millions." Peters wrote that:

> [America] will often face [warriors] who have acquired a taste for killing, who do not behave rationally according to our definition of rationality, who are capable of atrocities that challenge the descriptive powers of language, and who will sacrifice their own kind in order to survive.

Too many Americans assumed that warrior societies like ours lacked the sophistication to integrate new technology into a war-making doctrine that could defeat the United States. They neglected those, like Donald E. Ryan, who cautioned that "even technologically backward societies have a nasty habit of devising strategies to offset [America's] high-tech superiority."

Moreover, that "superiority" was never as great as the Americans hoped. The cyberscience that fueled the "revolution" did not require the mature infrastructures needed to produce traditional war-fighting platforms like ships, planes, and tanks. With such platforms the First World's military power once dominated global affairs. Information technology changed all that, because its requirements were far less demanding: Small numbers of people working with commercially available computers could perform more than adequate high-tech research and development.

Furthermore, Americans increasingly relied upon commercial, off-the-shelf cybertechnology. We could acquire the same products on international markets—

Charles J. Dunlap, Jr. is a colonel on active duty in the United States Air Force. The views and opinions expressed in this essay are those of the author alone and do not necessarily reflect those of the Department of Defense or any of its components.

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and often more quickly than the bureaucratic Americans, fettered as they were by complex contracting rules and regulations. Though the Americans claimed that information technology would allow them to get inside an enemy's "decision loop," the irony was that we repeatedly got inside their 'acquisition loop' and deployed newer systems before they finished buying already obsolescent ones. With the advent of off-the-shelf armaments, the American military no longer possessed a monopoly on the most advanced weaponry available.

Americans also underestimated the effect of rapidly declining cyber-costs—for, as George Gilder accurately predicted, in the year 2000 we could purchase silicon chips for $100 with as much power as the $320 million defense supercomputers of the early 1990s. The Americans discovered this when they sought to use information warfare to corrupt and destroy our command and control systems. The effort proved futile because many communications devices became so inexpensive and miniaturized that our armed forces could afford to make them ubiquitous and redundant. It was virtually impossible for cyber-assaults to negate them all. In the end, attacking these proliferating methods of communication typically made as much sense as using a laser-guided missile to disable the rifle of an individual soldier.

WORSE YET FOR THE AMERICANS, ADVANCES IN computer software eroded the demand for highly trained specialists to operate complex weapons. Easy-to-learn graphic displays allowed poorly educated soldiers to quickly master elaborate but user-friendly war-fighting machines, rather like a 15-year-old American figuring out how to dispense Coca-Cola at a fast-food restaurant by pressing the right pictograph. Praise The One Above, the microchip ended the educational and training advantage the American military had enjoyed.

Because the Americans believed their information technologies reduced the need for conventional combat forces, they disbanded such forces in favor of trendy "information" units. These were filled not with well-trained, physically fit combatants, but rather, as Szafranski put it, "mind-nimble (not necessarily literate), fingertip-quick youth" who tended to equate their success at video games with competency to engage in real war. Thank The One Above, the easy capture of a few of these self-styled "digital warriors" yielded a treasure trove of intelligence data.

We found we could contend with the light, supposedly high-tech combat units that completed most of America's remaining battle forces. Since we no longer had to concentrate our forces to oppose the now-defunct armored formations that dominated the First Gulf War, we took our cue from methods used by the North Vietnamese against the Americans and dispersed our army into small, mobile combat teams that combined only when required to strike a common objective. Not only did this make our troops harder to find, it also forced the Americans to expend their limited number of precision weapons on what were often tiny groups of soldiers.

In any event, we decided not to worry too much if we could not always match the high-tech equipment of the U.S. military. We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that reliance on cybersystems was not an unqualified virtue. The prescient Ryan noted that "technologically advanced, information-intensive military organizations are more vulnerable to information warfare simply because they are information dependent." Besides, our technical deficiencies inspired us to innovation—approaches overlooked by the gadgetry-obsessed Americans.

For example, we viewed the technology-spurred globalization of the news industry as a means of making war. By the mid-1990s, international news organizations using the latest electronic wizardry no longer had to depend on government help in war zones. Operational security became impossible as news groups launched information-gathering and communications satellites, monitored proliferating Internet transmissions, gave their reporters self-contained communications suites, and even flew their own unmanned aerial reconnaissance vehicles to transmit real-time views of battle areas.

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This phenomenally valuable information was, of course, available to us. We had no need to build costly satellites or even pay spies; instead, we could rely on the free flow of data, because the Americans rarely achieved the necessary political consensus to interfere with these modern "news-gathering" techniques. Furthermore, whatever patriotic or legalistic pressure the Americans could bring to bear on their domestic news people was wholly ineffective against scoop-hungry foreign reporters.

In fact, the technology-empowered media made "information equality," not "information dominance," the key to the "revolution in military affairs." For example, when the U.S. tried their pathetic cyber-based psychological operations to mislead our people, the world press quickly exposed the American deceit.

We agreed with those, like George J. Stein, who said that information warfare "is fundamentally not about satellites, wires, and computers. It is about influencing human beings and the decisions they make." And we were confident we could influence the American public and its poll-sensitive decisionmakers. Studying the Vietnam conflict, we were heartened by the remarks of a former North Vietnamese commander, Bui Tin:

> Support for the war from our rear was completely secure while the American rear was vulnerable. . . . The conscience of America was part of its war-making capability, and we were turning that power in our favor. America lost because of its democracy; through dissent and protest it lost the ability to mobilize a will to win.

WARFARE NEVER BECAME THE ALMOST GENTEEL ELECTRONIC EXCHANGE THAT SOME FORESAW; IT BECAME MORE SAVAGE THAN EVER.

Our strategy was to make warfare so psychologically costly that the Americans would lose their "will to win." To do so we freed ourselves from the decadent West's notions of legal and moral restraint. And why not? Their so-called "laws of wars" were conceived by the First World to keep our people oppressed. Furthermore, their "law" presented no deterrent because the West demonstrated over and over that it lacked the conviction to enforce it. No, my friends, The One Above called upon us to use every tactic to defeat the cyberscience that the Americans thought would make them so superior. We would rather be feared than respected.

With that in mind, we found that the radical changes in news gathering and reporting allowed us to develop a strategy to exploit America's growing fear of casualties. We carefully noted how this obsession enabled far weaker adversaries to defeat the so-called "superpower." The deaths of 18 American soldiers in Somalia—followed by the telecast of a U.S. soldier's body dragged through Mogadishu's streets—caused a public outcry that forced a humiliated America to forsake its policy objectives. Similarly, the specter of casualties was enough to delay intervention in Bosnia in the 1990s despite the occurrence of outright genocide. The exasperated columnist George Will wrote that the "West . . . almost preens about having become too exquisitely sensitive to use force against barbarism."

Thus, it became part of our strategy to capitalize on television's power to influence decisionmakers by aiming to wage war in the most brutish—and public—way. This strategy fit our warrior nation well. Countries such as ours, organized as they are around exceptionally powerful ethnic, religious, or cultural forces and frequently endowed with potent internal security forces, are much more resistant to vacillations in public opinion than are the diverse, pluralistic democracies of the West. Because our people truly believed in America's wickedness, it was not necessary to hide our ferocity. Rather, we used ruthless tactics openly to intimidate the American people and break their resolve.

The "revolution in military affairs" did not, therefore, make warfare less murderous; war never developed into the almost genteel electronic exchange that some foresaw. To the contrary, with our strategy it became more savage than ever—at least in the eyes of the many Americans who in previous conflicts had been spared the unedited, real-time "virtual" battlefield presence that the new communication nets allowed. Families at home could now watch and hear their loved ones die.

SUCH HIDEOUS EXPERIENCES DESTROYED predictions of "non-lethal" conflicts made by over-enthusiastic cyberprophets. Those absurd forecasts, combined with the memory of a nearly casualty-free First Gulf War, caused many Americans to conclude erroneously that the occurrence of any casualties was irrefutable proof that a campaign was inherently flawed and should, therefore, be abandoned.

We expected that the U.S. would try to wage this supposedly "bloodless" war by assaulting us from afar with cyberarms. Only the soft, convenience-loving West would think that the loss of electrical power or phone service would stop us. Techno-offensives that

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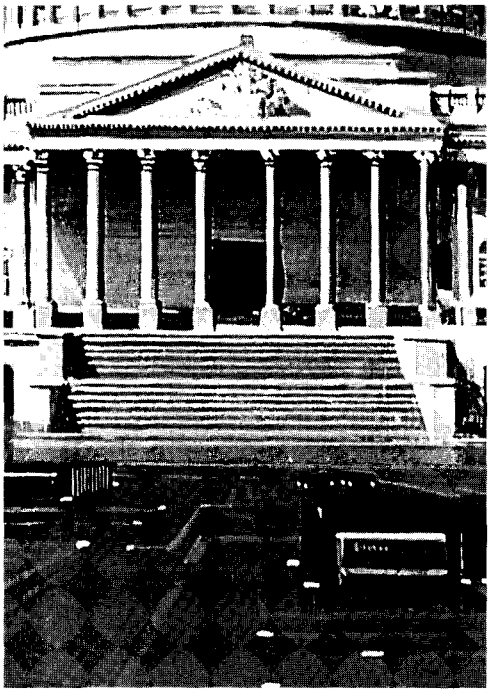
cripple civilian systems do not deter us. After all, our people are accustomed to far worse.

To counteract the effectiveness of cyber-attacks on our military forces, we trained them to operate autonomously if normal communications were cut. We used runners, low-tech signaling devices, and even coded statements of our leaders, broadcast on international news programs, to coordinate actions until contact was restored. As a last resort, our forces struck preplanned targets, martyring themselves in the process when necessary. Our primary aim, after all, was simply to cause casualties among the Americans.

We knew we would have that chance. The Americans eventually had to use troops to try to dislodge us because even in the 21st century, as Bevin Alexander put it in 1995, "victory comes from human beings moving into enemy territory and taking charge." Nothing else succeeds in conflicts waged against warriors of our zealotry. We anticipated, however, that the U.S. would first attempt to weaken us with its airpower.



Our analysis showed that we could not stop their high-tech aircraft from hitting anywhere in our country. To find a way to protect our key facilities, we once again examined history and recalled how Somali gunmen had effectively used their wives and children as human shields. We also remembered that after the uproar following the bombing of the Al Firdos bunker during the First Gulf War, when hundreds of Iraqi civilians died in an attack on what the Americans mistakenly believed to be a command center, very few strikes occurred against Baghdad. The Americans feared—rightly, we believe—that the spectacle of their pilots killing "innocent" civilians would be too much for their public (and world opinion) to bear.

Since our doctrine called upon us to present the Americans with moral conundrums that would complicate their efforts to attack us, we fully integrated our military infrastructure into civilian areas. We buried major command posts and logistics bases below schools, hospitals, apartment complexes, and even places of worship. Our most vital facilities were built underneath POW camps.

We saw how Serb forces back in the 1990s successfully countered NATO's sophisticated airpower by chaining U.N. hostages to targets. We also observed how rebel Chechens took 2,000 hostages at Budyonnovsk and cowed the Russians into meeting their demands. Accordingly, hostage-taking also became an important part of our "revolution in military affairs." In full view of the world media, we shackled captives to vital structures and openly bound them to tanks and military vehicles. We even put some on air transports and helicopters!

In order to create diplomatic pressure on the United States, we took lots of hostages from other nations, even neutrals. We used them to coerce their governments into allowing us access to essential international satellites and communications centers, while denying the same to the Americans. We also made a concerted effort to take hostages from militarily weak nations so that America would not gain valuable allies. Time and again our efforts earned a bonus: America—for political reasons—was obliged to accept new "allies" whose logistical requirements and marginal fighting ability made them more of a burden than a help.

WE CONSTANTLY LOOKED FOR IMAGINATIVE WAYS to turn our technological shortcomings into decisive strengths. With material and expertise gleaned from governments hostile to the U.S., as well as help from criminals in the former Soviet Union, we were able to assemble a handful of crude nuclear devices by 2006. But America's powerful information-technology weapons left us without a reliable way to deliver The Bomb. Their F-22 fighters, theater missile defenses, and ultra-modern hunter-killer submarines were systems we could not realistically overcome. Ultimately, however, we found a way to use our nuclear weapons against America.

Many of you have confused expressions on your faces. You are thinking: "It was the Americans, not we, who used nuclear weapons in the Great War." Yes, our Military City was destroyed by an atomic attack that killed 30,000 of our people. Sadly, it was the Will of

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The One Above. But my friends, it was not an American weapon that exploded. It was our own.

I will explain. In warrior cultures such as ours nothing is more glorious than dying in battle. For us and for many non-Western peoples, martyrdom and self-sacrifice are cultural totems more valued than self-preservation. Accordingly, we allowed the people of our Military City the honor of dying for our cause. It was the Will of The One Above.

Shortly before the start of the war, we deployed a nuclear device to the Military City hidden in an ambulance (protected from air attack by its red crosses). Next, we induced the Americans to strike by constructing a genuine biological warfare laboratory in the heart of the City—realizing, of course, that their state-of-the-art intelligence sensors would easily identify it.

Predictably, the Americans sent their stealthful F-117 bombers and cruise missiles against the laboratory. Several journalists reported the progress of the raid on live TV. Just as the Americans dropped their bombs, we secretly detonated our atomic weapon. The spectacular fireball vaporized everything for miles, all to the horror of a global broadcast audience numbering in the hundreds of millions.

AMERICANS MIGHT HAVE BEEN PREPARED TO SEE THEIR DAUGHTERS COME BACK IN BODY BAGS; THEY WERE NOT READY TO SEE THEM TORTURED.

The world reaction to what was thought to be an American first-use of nuclear weapons was universal condemnation. The Japanese were especially appalled. Not only did they cease contributing to the effort against us, they also began systematically to withdraw billions of dollars invested in American bonds. U.S. financial markets panicked, and the American economy fell into chaos. Other important members of the world community turned against America as well.

Of course, the United States vigorously claimed innocence. But few believed its government, even among the nation's own people. Clearly, Americans had grown so cynical of their government that they were quite willing to believe it capable of anything.

POLITICAL DISSENT SOON BURNED AT THE FABRIC of American society, and we managed to inflame that controversy even more. We told the press that we would take reprisals against American POWs for the nuclear "attack." As you know, this was the first major war in which America deployed large numbers of female combat soldiers. To carry out our plan, our fighters captured a few dozen.

The Americans believed that their nation could endure the sight of women as POWs. Perhaps they were right. Whatever the case, America was shocked by what we did next: We used our infamous Boys Brigade to rape the women, and then to amputate their limbs and burn their faces. Though we let them suffer terribly, we were careful not to kill them. We told the world that our women suffered much more in the atomic catastrophe.

The events surrounding the 50th anniversary of the destruction of Hiroshima taught us that the condemnations would be few. We saw how many people—including plenty of Americans—overlooked Japanese atrocities during World War II to castigate the American use of The Bomb to end the war. We likewise portrayed ourselves as nuclear "victims" and gained a surprising amount of sympathy despite our acts against the prisoners.

We then returned the POWs to the Americans—we said it was a "humanitarian" gesture. We converted the repatriation into what they called a "media circus." In no way did we try to hide what we did; to the contrary, we advertised it—using video clips on the Internet—as a warning of things to come.

However prepared the Americans thought they were to see their daughters come back in body bags, they were not ready to see them returned home strapped to wheelchairs, horribly mutilated, and shrieking in agony.

TRAUMATIZED RELATIVES FRANTICALLY DEMANDED the removal of their wives and daughters from the combat zone, and those demands were swiftly met. But by 2007, women had become so incorporated into the structure of the U.S. military that their sudden withdrawal wrecked the effectiveness of the deployed forces.

As successful as this strategy was, we still wanted to strike the American homeland. This was not easy. By the turn of the century, America had developed fairly sophisticated methodologies to protect their critical military and civilian computer systems from cyber-subversion. Of course, we hired the best hackers around the world to challenge the American safeguards. Although they enjoyed some success, this was really a diversion.

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We knew that direct cyber-attack could not do the kind of damage necessary to defeat the United States. Adopting B.H. Liddell Hart's strategy of the indirect approach, however, led us to concentrate our efforts against America's soft underbelly, Mexico. The Mexican economy depended upon computers, but its machines were not as protected as those in the U.S.

Our hackers were able to disrupt and corrupt them on a massive scale. At the same time, we used modern document technologies to print billions in near-perfect counterfeit pesos to further sabotage the economy. Finally, our clandestine assistance re-ignited the simmering Zapatista revolt in Chiapas.

The synergistic effect of these schemes was devastating. The Mexican government collapsed and the economy disintegrated. Millions of refugees flooded the United States, prompting desperate calls for military assistance to control the influx. Angry Americans loudly objected to troops fighting thousands of miles away when a crisis existed quite literally in their own backyard. Our plan, thanks to The One Above, worked perfectly.

We developed additional methods of bringing the war home to America. Naturally, we used terror bombings, but we prudently avoided traditional targets. In the last 10 years industrialized countries have perfected security techniques that make attacks against defended facilities very difficult. So we chose a more exposed target: America's swelling population of politically influential elderly. We planted bombs in elder-care facilities, public parks, medical centers—anywhere we thought they would gather. Soon, frightened seniors joined the burgeoning antiwar movement.

Our search for other low-tech ways of attacking America drew us to environmental warfare. We waged it against U.S. agriculture because agriculture was virtually unprotected and within our means to strike. Our proxies spread destructive Mediterranean fruit flies throughout growing areas in California and Florida, and introduced various plant funguses and blights into Midwest grain crops. We also secretly inoculated farm animals with highly contagious diseases.

We used the indirect approach again by attacking other vulnerable targets outside the United States. For example, our agents set huge fires in equatorial rain forests, raising fears in ecologically conscious America that the world's oxygen supply would be jeopardized. From inside our own borders we attacked the ozone layer by releasing damaging chemicals into the atmosphere. Of course, we did not concern ourselves with the effects of these actions on our own people because our faith told us that The One Above would protect us.

We bragged about our responsibility for all these deeds, staggering Americans with our willingness to attack them in every conceivable way. By the grace of The One Above there was no method of warfare that we failed to consider: We left AIDS-infected needles on bathing beaches and polluted America's coastlines by scuttling oil tankers we covertly hired. Americans could not enjoy a meal, relax on a beach, or even breathe the air without wondering if they were about to become victims of yet another of our assaults. Just as we destroyed their confidence in government, we destroyed their trust in nature.

YOU KNOW THE REST, MY FRIENDS. THOUGH WE rarely defeated the Americans on the battlefield, we were able to inflict such punishment that they were soon pleading for peace at any price. With their economy in ruins, their borders compromised, their people demoralized, and civil unrest everywhere, they could not continue. We had broken their will! They had no choice but to leave us with the lands we conquered and the valuable resources they contain.

Of the many mistakes the U.S. made in adapting to the "revolution in military affairs," several stand out: America too often assumed that the revolution would favor technologically advanced nations like herself. She failed to consider how enemies with values and philosophies utterly at odds with hers might conduct war in the information age. Despite what many technology-infatuated strategists thought in 1995, cyber-science cannot elimi nate the vicious cruelty inherent in human conflict. We taught the Americans that no

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computer wages war with the exquisite finality of a simple bayonet thrust.

Most critically, America failed to deal decisively with barbarism when confronted by it. Had she demonstrated the will to face her responsibilities as a superpower in the post-Cold War world, nations like ours might not have dared oppose her—we keenly understand brute force and its consequences.

Now the Americans beg for our scraps. So desperate are they that they send their children here to be our servants. We control their future! That is the price of defeat! This, my friends, is the ultimate meaning of the Revolution in Military Affairs! Let us praise The One Above! ♦

François Mitterrand, Machiavellian Monarch

By Michel Gurfinkiel

Anyone could see that Barbara Hendricks was not the best choice to sing *Le temps des cerises* at the Place de la Bastille in tribute to the late president of France, François Mitterrand. The choice was poor not for political reasons, but because the singer was bound to perform in her usual operatic style. *Le temps des cerises*—"Cherry Season," a lovely, nostalgic, 19th-century song that somehow became an unofficial anthem of the French left—is the antithesis of opera. It has to be sung simply, without vocal lushness, the way Yves Montand once sang it on television. Hendricks could no more pull that off than Pavarotti could sing "Tambourine Man" in Bob Dylan's style.

In fact, Hendricks herself was conscious of the problem and would have preferred to sing Schubert's *Ave Maria*. But the rally at the Place de la Bastille—in front of the Bastille Opera House, one of Mitterrand's regal adornments of postmodern Paris—was a leftist gathering, and the French left is studiously secular. So no hymns, only sad, romantic songs, as thousands of people gathered in the rain, many of them holding a single crimson rose, the emblem of the Socialist party.

Almost 15 years earlier, on May 10, 1981, when Mitterrand was first elected president, the same people, or perhaps their parents, had gathered at the same spot to celebrate with music and dancing. Mitterrand had gone on to reign for 14 years, longer than any other president of the Fifth Republic including Charles de Gaulle. Indeed, he had been reelected handsomely in 1988 against a then-naive Jacques Chirac. But just how Socialist a president had Mitterrand been? The people assembled at La Bastille knew the answer: They were orphans, not just because their leader was gone, but because their dreams were gone as well.

As it turned out, the Bastille rally was only one of many memorial observances and not the crowning ceremony as might have been expected. The former president passed away on the morning of Monday, January 8. President Chirac delivered an emotional eulogy on television that night. The Bastille rally was on Wednesday night. The funeral took place at Jarnac, Mitterrand's birthplace on the Atlantic coast of France, on Thursday morning. Mitterrand had requested a simple funeral. It was not as simple as all that. There were troops, and flags, and honors. Barriers were duly erected to separate the family and their numerous Parisian guests from the local populace. Moreover, in what amounted to a complete disavowal of the secular mood at La Bastille, there was a mass at the Catholic parish church. At about the same time, President Chirac was attending a requiem mass at Notre Dame cathedral in Paris. He then hosted a state dinner for foreign heads of state and government at the Elysée palace. All in all, the observances were more right-wing than left-wing in tone. The pomp and symbols of traditional France had eclipsed the comrades' mourning—an ironic reflection of the way Mitterrand had lived his life.

François Mitterrand was born in 1916 to conservative Catholic parents. He was sent to a Catholic private school. In his early twenties, as a student, he flirted with the royalists and other far-right agitators. There is a photograph of him attending an anti-immigra-

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tion—that is, anti-Semitic—rally in the Latin Quarter. During World War II, Mitterrand managed to escape from a prisoner of war camp in Germany, only to become a junior official in Vichy France and to be granted the *francisque*, Vichy's badge of honor; another photograph shows him with Marshal Pétain. He joined the resistance by 1943, but again, the right-wing resistance under General Henri Giraud rather than the mainstream Gaullist resistance.

When he went into politics after the war, still quite a young man, Mitterrand won support from the arch-conservative Republican Party for Freedom (PRL). More intriguing was the close relationship Mitterrand developed with René Bousquet, a senior official in the Vichy police who in 1942 supervised the arrest and deportation to Nazi death camps of thousands of Jews in Paris. In 1965, as a leftist candidate for president challenging de Gaulle, Mitterrand managed to secure support from the far right. Later, as president, he discreetly ordered flowers to be laid on Pétain's grave. And in his very last public speech, on May 8, 1995, for the 50th anniversary of the Allies' victory in World War II, he insisted on paying homage to the bravery of the German fighters.

Neil Shigley

Yet Mitterrand—who plainly had political genius—became the leader of the left. Under the weak, Italian-style Fourth Republic, which lasted just 11 years, from 1947 to 1958, he led a small left-of-center party and was 11 times a cabinet minister, no mean achievement. Then de Gaulle founded the Fifth Republic, with its strong presidency. Mitterrand realized that the new regime would last and de Gaulle would remain in power for many years. He also knew that de Gaulle despised him. He would not be a cabinet minister again. He had no choice but to join the opposition.

And the opposition was left-wing. Half of it was Communist—and that half terrified the other, which was Social Democratic. With considerable foresight and guts, Mitterrand called for a united left, including the Communists, rather than a left-of-center coalition of Social Democrats, Christian Democrats, and other anti-Gaullists. It was an enormous gamble. This was still the Cold War. Communists were still riding high. Anticommunism still prevailed. The U.S. government was still taking undercover action against politicians with Communist leanings. But Mitterrand stood firm. On the one hand, he knew the Americans knew that de Gaulle had reached his own unwritten accommodation with the French Communists and their Soviet overlords (Leave me in power and I will take France out of NATO). On the other hand, numbers were numbers. Presidential elections under the Fifth Republic inevitably would produce a polarization of political forces, and someday the Union of the Left was bound to win.

So Mitterrand the not-so-secret right-winger was transformed into Mitterrand the born-again left-wing liberal. While staying true to his older friends, he made new ones—academics, artists, Third World militants. He dressed more casually. He cultivated as many Jews as he could and made a point of displaying a sympathetic attitude toward Israel. He wrote books, first on Red China, then on de Gaulle's "dictatorship," then on himself. He assiduously worked at developing contacts in all Socialist, progressive, and radical circles. And so firm was his commitment to coalition with the Communists that they had to support him in return, whatever they thought of him privately. Twice he was a candidate for the Union of the Left and lost, the first time in 1965 to de Gaulle, the second time in 1974 to Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. But the second time, the margin shrank to a mere percentage point. Moreover, he had succeeded by then in revitalizing the Socialist party under his exclusive leadership. In 1981, he ran for the third time and won, by one percentage point.

He had made it. He was king of France, and he applied his whole will and energy to remaining on the throne. His first move was to appoint a Socialist-led cabinet including Communist ministers and to implement nearly every reform he had subscribed to as a candidate of the left, however impractical or downright silly. Welfare was expanded, working hours were shortened, banks and major industries were nationalized, public expenditures rose. In less than two years, France was bankrupt. This may have been a disaster in

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terms of government but not in terms of politics. Mitterrand had established his credentials as a true Socialist, in the grand tradition of Jean Jaurès and Léon Blum. That gave him moral standing for the second stage: a complete retreat from dogmatic Socialism, to be replaced by yuppyism. His first prime minister, Pierre Mauroy, resigned. The Communists deserted. A very fashionable young man, Laurent Fabius, became prime minister and made sure that France would ride the wave of neo-capitalist prosperity generated by the Reagan Revolution.

THE MORE THE FRENCH, RIGHT OR LEFT, LEARNED ABOUT THE REAL MITTERRAND, THE LESS THEY CARED, AS IF THEY ENJOYED BEING RULED BY AN *ANCIEN RÉGIME* MONARCH.

There was only one problem. Mitterrand had expected somehow to reunite the Socialists, the Communists, and the far left in a Socialist-dominated grand party of the left. He soon discovered, however, that things were not so easy. The Communist party was indeed declining, and some middle-aged former radicals or Trotskyites were willing to join the new Socialist establishment. But much larger numbers of ex-Communists and ex-radicals were simply vanishing into thin air, withdrawing from politics. Given the bipolar nature of Fifth Republic politics and the narrow margin between right and left, that made a conservative comeback a sure thing. Anybody but Mitterrand would have bowed to fate and made a point of stepping down "on the left," as a brave reformer and an inspiration to future generations. Mitterrand had other ideas.

For one thing, he could exploit ambiguities in the constitution. Sometime debunker of de Gaulle's "dictatorship," he adopted a positively Gaullist insistence on presidential prerogative, including the so-called reserved sphere (foreign affairs, national defense), nowhere mentioned in the written constitution. He saw to it that electoral laws were tailored to benefit the Socialists and their allies. Then when a conservative parliament was elected in 1986, he both presided over conservative cabinet meetings and helped the Socialist parliamentary minority and the trade unions to undermine government policies.

And he had other strategies. The best response to erosion on the left was to split the right. Mitterrand did this in various ways, by playing one conservative leader against another (notably, after 1993, Edouard Balladur against Chirac) and Eurofederalists against Euroskeptics. Above all, he helped the far right emerge as a strong, organized political force. There had always been far right undercurrents in France, as elsewhere, but conservative governments had prevented the extremists from staging large rallies or gaining full access to state-run radio and TV. Mitterrand reversed that policy, then urged the left to do whatever was necessary to stimulate xenophobia throughout the country—for instance, demand more rights and benefits for Third World immigrants, including full voting rights in local elections *before naturalization*. These Machiavellian tactics were essential to Mitterrand's reelection in 1988, when he campaigned as the last bulwark against the Fascist threat.

Foreign policy, too, was largely conceived as an instrument for influencing domestic politics. In the Middle East, Mitterrand first supported Israel in order to rally the crucial Jewish vote, then tilted toward the Arabs and the PLO when the Jewish vote became less monolithic, and maybe also because the French Muslim vote was growing. As for Mitterrand's finest hour—his stand at the West German Bundestag in favor of NATO policies and American missile deployment in Western Europe in 1983—it had much to do with his need to persuade the Reagan administration to tolerate Communists in his cabinet for a while. His handling of the major foreign issue of his presidency, the great Eastern European and Soviet upheavals of 1989-91, was pathetic. The political diary of Jacques Attali, his closest adviser, hastily published under the title *Verbatim*, provides ample evidence that he did not understand at first what was going on and then desperately sought to support the collapsing Soviet Empire in order to check the emergence of a greater Germany. In other cases, like Kuwait and Bosnia, he spent French blood and treasure to advance intricate schemes aimed ultimately at enhancing his own stature as global elder statesman.

For if Mitterrand relished the exercise of power, he cared even more about his place in history. No contemporary political leader, at least in the West, has been so obsessed with style over substance, glory over achievement. In addition to allowing Attali to keep a political diary and to publish it, he hired a distinguished academic, Georgette Elgey, to be his official historian and gave her an office at the Elysée and free access to him. He created elaborate rituals and symbols, like a yearly trek in the hills of central France at Pentecost, an ostentatious passion for old trees, and pageantry at the Panthéon, Paris's republican shrine to secular heroes. And he tirelessly promoted grand architectural projects, from the Orsay Museum and

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the renovation of the Louvre to the Great Arch in the business district of La Défense and the Bastille Opera. When the possibility of building new quarters for the National Library was raised, he unabashedly ordered a gigantic, impractical, and unimaginative complex of glass boxes near the Seine, against almost every librarian's advice.

In the end, even Mitterrand's staunchest supporters had to acknowledge that there was something *outré* and over-cynical about him. The second presidential term, from 1988 to 1995, was ridden with scandals involving ministers and personal friends. The last Socialist prime minister, Pierre Bérégovoy, committed suicide over allegations of embezzlement. A personal assistant, François de Grossouvre, also committed suicide at his Elysée office. The president's closest friend, Roger-Patrice Pelat, died suddenly, right after being prosecuted for his role in the Triangle insider-trading scandal.

It was soon revealed that Mitterrand not only had a mistress and an illegitimate daughter (something the French can live with) but actually lodged them in a handsome government apartment, at state expense, a few minutes from the presidential palace. Oddly, though, the more the French, either on the right or on the left, learned about the real Mitterrand, the less they cared, as if they enjoyed being ruled by an *ancien régime* monarch. Mitterrand quickly realized this. During his last two years as president, he brought up controversial aspects of his life in conversations with journalists and writers, including his role at Vichy, his connection with Bousquet, and the royal polygamy in which he had indulged.

Ironically, Mitterrand was not quite aware of one very real achievement: the consolidation, through his long reign, of a new French ruling class, drawn from the meritocratic senior civil service and the big state-run or publicly funded corporations. The process had begun in earnest under de Gaulle. In his turn, Mitterrand placed people of leftist background in positions of power.

Thus a consensus emerged about the excellence and usefulness of the new nobility. The views of conservative president Jacques Chirac and conservative prime minister Alain Juppé, on the one hand, and the new Socialist leader Lionel Jospin, on the other—all graduates of the National School of Administration, France's training ground for top bureaucrats—are in fact quite close on most political and economic issues. What remains to be seen is how good for the country this one-party-system-in-disguise can be. It is possible that the social unrest France experienced last fall was an attempted popular rebellion against the king's peace. ♦

THE INSIDER'S OUTSIDER

Lamar Alexander and the High-Concept Presidential Campaign

By Christopher Caldwell

Flying at 500 miles an hour over the snow-dappled hog country of southeastern Iowa, Lamar Alexander calls the time remaining until the Iowa caucuses on February 12 and the New Hampshire primary on February 20 a "forty-yard dash." "I need to be able to make it essentially a two-man race after New Hampshire," he says. And yet Alexander is running fifth in Iowa and New Hampshire, and this despite a campaigning effort that will have had him in Iowa for 70 days (more than any major candidate) by the time caucuses roll around. One recent CNN poll showed him *sixth* nationally (behind even Richard Lugar), at 1 percent.

Alexander essentially began his campaign for president three years ago, when he moved back to Nashville after his tour of duty as the U.S. secretary of education and began to reinvent himself as a Perot-style "outsider." Taking aim at a hidebound Democratic Congress, he chose "Cut their pay and send them home" as his rallying cry. With Congress under Republican rule, he has shifted to a "citizenship" agenda that would move practically every federal social

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program to the states. As a result, this mild-mannered establishmentarian is now custodian of the presidential campaign's most radical message. Such a redefinition beggars credulity, and if Alexander is now far weaker than he has any right to be on paper, it may be because voters are picking up on something incongruous.

THE HEART OF ALEXANDER'S PROBLEM IS HIS DESIRE TO BE BOTH THE MOST RADICAL *AND* THE LEAST FRIGHTENING REPUBLICAN.

At least, it won't do to search for an explanation of Alexander's lagging campaign in either his career or his personality. He was arguably the great American governor of the 1980s. Under his leadership from 1979 to 1987, Tennessee gained a Triple-A bond rating and moved from fourth-lowest per capita economy in the country to the middle of the pack. Alexander attracted Nissan and Saturn plants to the state, which became a mecca for new industries. He challenged powerful education unions to win merit pay for teachers.

Moreover, Alexander is kind, well-mannered, and likable. In Cedar Rapids, he laughs when the owner of a vintage car lot brings up the mid-life-crisis aspect of car collecting by pointing out that he sells more red cars than any other. "I know ten guys my age who'll come out here and buy a car as soon as I tell them about this place," Alexander replies. Yet there is a discomfiting, rehearsed patness to Alexander's conversation, which he varies not a whit from lecture-hall oration to campaign pep talk to knee-to-knee private conversation. At an open breakfast meeting in the Apple River City Tavern in Waterloo, an angry Iowan stands up and asks about the Clinton administration's $50 billion loan guarantees to Mexico. Alexander speaks about free trade for several minutes, veering into China and Japan. Then the questioner tries to raise his original subject again and Alexander says: "Oh . . . oh, yes. I don't think we should be bailing out foreign countries."

For all his fire-breathing doctrine, Alexander is visibly uncomfortable with the red-meat issues, which contradicts his stance as an "outsider." No matter how radical his message, Alexander never sounds like a radical, which may be why word out of the White House is that Alexander is the candidate President Clinton would least like to face next fall. There's an element of ideological self-aggrandizement in the Clintonites' appraisal. Alexander and Clinton entered office as governors of neighboring states on the same day in 1979. They served together as chairman and vice chairman (respectively) of the National Governors Association, and worked together on a number of Southern education initiatives. "He knows what we're up against," an admiring Gov. Clinton told the *New York Times* when Alexander was nominated for education secretary. Although accusations of the president's fakery fill Alexander's stump speech and campaign video, Alexander says of the president: "I know him and like him." He adds: "Bill Clinton's best chance to win is to run against the Republican Congress, symbolized by the Republican leaders."

That hardly sounds like a ringing endorsement of the new Congress, and many Iowa Republicans do view Alexander as the "liberal" alternative. "Social conservatives—the Christian right, if you will—have taken over most of the local [GOP] committee meetings in Iowa," says a staffer for Iowa governor Terry Branstad. "I think Alexander appealed early on to a lot people dismayed by that takeover, and yet who couldn't bring themselves to support [Arlen] Specter." Alexander plays to this "kinder, gentler" Republican constituency. The highest praise he has given Newt Gingrich is to call him "the most effective speaker in decades," certainly a point of view that leaves some wiggle room. And he accuses Phil Gramm of "the politics of throwing people out of the wagon."

On the other hand, Alexander says, "I'm *more* conservative [on welfare] than Phil Gramm is because I want to get it out of Washington."

And that's the heart of Alexander's problem: His desire to be both the most radical *and* the least frightening Republican is leading him into all sorts of ideological inconsistency. Take welfare: It's not lost on Iowa audiences that Alexander's devolution will result in the same "race to the bottom" that he's implicitly accusing Gramm of provoking—with the difference that in the Alexander plan, private non-profits are going to make a good deal of money.

Or take abortion: Alexander describes himself as pro-life, and favors turning over all responsibility for making abortion law to the states. Yet he would take no steps to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*, the main *obstacle* to restoring state responsibility.

Or federalism: His radical devolutionary message relies on a number of big, new national programs: a "GI Bill for Kids," which would offer subsidies to the poor to attend schools outside their district; and Robert Reichian "Job Training Vouchers" for workers changing jobs. He also supports tax credits that would allow voters to send welfare funding to the private

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non-profit social program of their choice, rather than to the federal government. When asked the difference between these and Great Society programs, Alexander counters that the recipients themselves get to decide how they spend the money—which differentiates the programs from food stamps, but not from, say, Aid to Families with Dependent Children. These are complicated issues to sort through, but where Alexander puts forward a simple conservatism—eliminating the capital gains tax, for example—he's not offering voters anything they can't get elsewhere.

It's symptomatic that, on January 5, when Alexander sought to revivify his flagging campaign by recasting the "outsider" message as a "citizenship" message, he did so at the Heritage Foundation, headquarters of Washington's conservative establishment, to a crowd of 100 made up primarily of journalists. The speech itself, which he had been testing out in Iowa for the past week, had been written with advice from a number of Washington thinkers, including WEEKLY STANDARD editor and publisher William Kristol and Gingrich intimates Arianna Huffington and Jeffrey Eisenach. On December 21, Alexander had gathered 20 thinkers on citizenship issues at the Capitol Hill Club for a brainstorming session on how to hone his new points.

Some of them are very good ones: His is a mature worldview that demands a great deal of personal responsibility from people. "It's difficult in the sense that you're telling people the truth," Alexander admits. "When [voters] say to you, *What are you going to do about my kid who's running around at 3 o'clock in the morning?*, the answer is, 'I'm going to suggest that you go get him.'" Alexander frequently says that the primary and general elections should be a "vision contest," and this is indeed a positive vision. But half of his Heritage speech—the half that got the most attention—was given over to a purely negative idea: that Bob Dole can't beat Bill Clinton.

A certain incoherence on the issues is bound up with the implausibility of Alexander's "outsider" persona. Not only was Alexander a two-term governor: He worked three stints in Washington, first as an aide to Sen. Howard Baker, his political mentor; then as an aide to powerful Nixon congressional liaison Bryce Harlow; and finally as the head of the Bush education department—a department he now campaigns in favor of abolishing. Under Bush, he was an early foe of centering the administration's education policy on school choice—a plan of which he is now the most radical Republican proponent.

Potentially more damaging is that he has taken advantage of financial opportunities unavailable to other "outsiders." "Let's talk about jobs," Alexander likes to tell audiences. "Unlike the other candidates, I've *had one* outside of government." That is a stretch. To put it in the language he always uses on the stump, "After I was governor, I went out and, under the same rules I created, I started a company from scratch." The company is Corporate Childcare, Inc., which he and his wife Honey founded with former Tennessee state official Marguerite Sallee and Bob Keeshan, television's Captain Kangaroo. The business now employs

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2,800 and has been on *Inc.* magazine's list of fastest-growing businesses three years in a row. An initial investment of $6,600 is now worth $1.1 million. Alexander is quick to note that he and his wife have not realized a penny from the investment. "We hope we do!" he says. "I plead guilty to being a capitalist." Though he was in Australia on a six-month vacation during much of the start-up work in 1987, Alexander points to it as a badge of his entrepreneurial expertise: "I'd like for that to be Exhibit A-Number-One, for anyone who wants to look at me as a presidential candidate."

ALEXANDER HAS BEEN UNUSUALLY FORTHCOMING IN REVEALING HIS FINANCIAL RECORDS, WHICH SHOW A STRING OF INVESTMENTS THAT HAVE EARNED MASSIVE RETURNS.

Alexander's (and his wife's) other investments have earned suspiciously massive returns, which have raised their net worth from $151,000 when Alexander took office in 1978 to several million dollars now. In 1981, he put up $1 for an option to buy the *Knoxville Journal* (along with Howard Baker and other investors), an option he later traded for Gannett stock, which he sold for $620,000. In 1984, his wife put $8,900 into Corrections Corp. of America through Kentucky Fried Chicken founder Jack Massey—and after some complicated transactions, made a $142,000 profit on the investment five years later. A $140,000 investment in Processed Foods of Knoxville, Tenn., is now worth over $1 million and has yielded $707,000, according to the *Wall Street Journal*. The *Journal* also notes that in 1992 Alexander realized $262,000 and retains $126,000 in stock (held in trust for his children) from a $93,000 investment in PhyCor made in 1987 with the help of KFC's Massey.

In 1987, Alexander gave education innovator Chris Whittle $10,000 to purchase stock in Whittle Communications. When Whittle sold a portion of the company two months later, Alexander got $330,000 back on his investment. That is not to mention the $125,000 Whittle paid Alexander the same year for consulting on a magazine that was never launched, or the $393,000 in consulting fees the *Wall Street Journal* says Alexander received from Processed Foods between 1988 and 1991. What's more, he has been paid $295,000 per annum since 1993 by a Tennessee law firm fully aware that he is campaigning full-time.

Two things should be noted: First, Alexander has been unusually forthcoming in revealing his financial records, releasing his tax returns for every year since 1978. Second, not even Lisa Schiffren, whose chronicling of his investments in the September 1995 *American Spectator* Alexander calls "the most negative thing ever written about me," has accused him of any illegalities.

"I've never presented myself as outside *the world*," Alexander retorts. "I said I'm outside Washington." But the pattern that has clearly emerged is an *in*sider one: Go into politics, do your job well, and your friends will take care of you. Alexander notes that he passed through a Senate confirmation process for secretary of education, during which Senators Kennedy and Harkin grilled him relentlessly on the investments. But it is safe to say that Alexander's Republican rivals have allowed the voting public to ignore his investment record only thanks to his low standing in the polls.

Alexander is a behind-the-scenes political organizer to rival any in the campaign. Last year he succeeded in a quiet effort to change Tennessee's primary rules to award delegates to the Republican National Convention on a winner-take-all basis. Five of the last six Republican National Committee chairmen, Alexander says, are helping him raise money. Within two weeks of leaving the Bush administration he had set up the Republican Exchange Satellite Network, a "town meeting" non-profit that allowed him to tap 255 future donors and hire an organizer for Iowa. Many veterans of the network would go on to play a role in his campaign. (The *Washington Post* ran a page-one story about the organization on December 30 that implied a violation of the spirit of the election laws. In fact, RESN is merely a highly successful example of a common structure; others include Bob Dole's disbanded Better America Foundation and Newt Gingrich's GOPAC.)

Then there are the virtuoso election turns: During the run-up to Florida's Presidency III straw poll in November, a dry run for the primaries in which Alexander finished third, every potential P3 delegate received a hand-written letter from a resident of Maryville, Tenn., Alexander's hometown. In recent months, he has secured the backing of a long roster of New Hampshire state legislators. In Iowa, he claims to have the endorsement of 26 Iowa legislators to Dole's 24.

But none of this frenzied political activity has translated into grassroots support. The *Omaha World-Herald* revealed that Alexander had only 279 donors in Iowa (versus 649 for Gramm, 1,446 for Buchanan, and 4,991 for Dole), an ominous indicator of lagging street backing. Alexander's advisers note that he is the can-

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didate who—with name recognition only around 65 percent—has more "room to grow." That's putting a brave face on a candidate who has spent more time in Iowa than anyone else.

Alexander raised far less money in the second half of 1995 than he did in the first, which raises the question of what he's going to grow *with*. Alexander rightly points out that the same is true of all of the candidates except Bob Dole. The difference is that Alexander's matching funds from the federal government will be an inadequate $3.2 million, which poses both a logistical and a symbolic problem. The federal government matches only contributions of $250 or less: Alexander, the "outsider," got such a low match because he is heavier on big-money contributors than any of his Republican rivals. Add to that the roster of Washington heavy hitters who are helping shape his message, and it is not for nothing that Alexander's detractors call his campaign an outsider message that you have to be an insider to believe in.

The campaign appears unready to make its final push into tactical organizing in Iowa, a transition that other campaigns have already made. According to one Washington insider who attended Alexander's December 21 citizenship brainstorming session, "Look, this is crunch-time in the campaign. Everybody's ramping up. The fact that he's still flailing about with think-tank people, looking for a message, convinces me that this is not a serious campaign." At a luncheon meeting in Cedar Rapids, Alexander turns the floor over to a sweet and portly middle-aged organizer, who asks the assembled crowd, "If you know of anyone who wants to be a precinct captain, please let us know."

By contrast, Dole's Iowa headquarters, which takes up the floor of an office building next to a tattoo parlor on Des Moines's Locust St., looks like something out of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, with pin maps, nearly full rosters of point-men precinct by precinct, reams of campaign literature and buttons lining the shelves, and a full staff of two dozen workers at the phones after 9 p.m. Dole Iowa coordinator Darrell Kearney is now telling his organizers, "We've shaken all the fruit out of the tree; now it's time to pick it up."

Alexander's campaign has bought $1 million worth of advertising time in New Hampshire and Iowa for the remainder of the campaign. There is little doubt that Alexander's communications wizard Mike Murphy will be able to add several points to his polls. First indications are that the ads will stress the same outsider message ("This campaign isn't about Washington"). But even if Dole were to stumble, and Alexander to emerge from the pack, that would only leave Alexander in a position analogous to that of Richard Gephardt in 1988.

Gephardt entered the new year at 4 percent in the polls. Thanks to a brilliant television effort, he won Iowa with 31 percent of the delegates and ran a strong and surprising second in New Hampshire. He was leading in two-thirds of the Super Tuesday states six days before those primaries, but then Michael Dukakis launched an attack campaign on several fronts and Gephardt had no money to respond.

Alexander claims that won't happen to him. "We have a superb fund-raising organization," he says. But insiders claim he is fairly well tapped out in his home state of Tennessee and will need to go back to the weaker names on his donor lists to scrape together what funds he can. According to a Nashville source close to Alexander's campaign office, the campaign is now running into dire money problems, and has ordered no stationery or other supplies for after the New Hampshire primary.

The reason this is not Alexander's year is that he—more so even than many Democrats—has not come to terms with the Republican Congress. Alexander is using federalism, as Jack Kemp used supply-side economics, at least partly to avoid confrontations on hard social issues. He is heir to the cheery side of Ronald Reagan but not the equally important divisive side, and hence he has unwittingly assimilated an idea of Reagan beloved of his foes: that Reagan won by basically lulling American voters into a kind of dopey optimism. And this year Alexander is using the federalist issues to run away from taking a stand on the Gingrich revolution.

HEIR TO THE CHEERY SIDE OF REAGAN BUT NOT THE DIVISIVE SIDE, HE HAS ASSIMILATED THE IDEA THAT REAGAN WON BY LULLING VOTERS INTO A KIND OF DOPEY OPTIMISM.

"I'm delighted by his citizenship message," says one Washingtonian who met with him recently. "But if he really wants to speak for the Republicans this year, he has to show how that message fits into the great budget struggle that we're going through. On issues like welfare, he's taking a strong position, but it's one that takes him *out of* the

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current debate. It's not enough to say 'Look beyond the budget.' Maybe he *has* identified the central theme for conservatism for the next generation, but this election is a referendum on *this* Congress and where we're going next."

In a sense, Alexander has been the victim of bad luck. Candidates, whether out of vanity or for some other reason, develop a vested interest in the plot lines of their candidacies. Alexander is trapped by a message that was developed long before November 1994, which now strikes voters as a downright imposture. When the political landscape changed, he was confronted with the need either to come up with a new message or to adapt the old one to the new Congress. Alexander chose the latter course. He may be on the verge of proving H.L. Mencken wrong by suffering a humiliating loss that will result from underestimating the intelligence of the American people. ♦

MEDIA BASHING, LIBERAL-STYLE

By Andrew Ferguson

Not so long ago, media criticism was a discipline of the right wing and the right wing alone. For years conservatives scoured the morning papers and studied the evening news, on slo-mo video playback if necessary, for evidence of liberal bias. The method has yielded an Alexandrian Library of data, as the vast catalogues of the Media Research Center and Accuracy in Media will testify. The mainstream press—known as the "liberal media" to conservative critics—has responded by inventing a media criticism all its own. At the richer papers nowadays, ombudsmen stalk the newsroom. Media reporters have been hired, foundations raised up, countless panels convened with such titles as "Are Ratings Driving the News?" and "The Incredible Shrinking Soundbite." Any news story that survives more than 36 hours will inevitably inspire another story about how the media are covering the story.

"CHANGE AND DECAY IS ALL AROUND I SEE," MR. DOOLEY LAMENTED, AND THE LIBERAL MEDIA CRITICS SHARE HIS IRISH GLOOM.

While taking their cue from the right, the mainstream media have managed to leap-frog conservative media criticism altogether, along with its obsession with liberal bias. "For one thing," James Fallows writes in his new book, *Breaking the News: How the Media Undermine American Democracy* (Pantheon, 296 pages, $23), "the supposed 'liberalism' of the elite press is more limited than many people believe. On economic issues . . . elite reporters' views have become far more conservative over the last generation, as their incomes have gone up." (A syllogism: Reporters make good money, people who make good money are conservative, *ergo et QED*.) The more sophisticated mainstream media critics acknowledge that most reporters are political and cultural liberals; but they add hastily that through heroic discipline these same reporters manage to keep it to themselves.

Having thus dispatched the crux of the conservative critique, most mainstream press critics turn their scrutiny to the winds that whip the surface of their trade. The world of media has been transformed over the past generation, with the arrival of cable, CNN, talk radio, desktop publishing, C-SPAN, the Internet—any critic can recite the list in his sleep. The once-solid monopoly on national discourse held by the three networks and a handful of elite papers has broken down; and the gatekeepers of yesteryear have been left, so to speak, back at the gate. Media critics are concerned, deeply concerned, and none more so than Howard Kurtz, of the *Washington Post*. He has devoted an entire book to some of these changes, *Hot Air: All Talk, All the Time* (Times Books, 384 pages, $25). "America," he writes, "has become a

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talk-show nation, a boob-tube civilization, a run-at-the-mouth culture in which anyone can say anything at any time as long as they pull some ratings."

This gives you an idea of the tone of Kurtz's book, if not of most media criticism—although from his perch at the *Post* Kurtz has been influential in the field. Kurtz is a superior newspaper reporter, a Hoover vacuum for evocative detail and revealing quotes. His book is what reporters call a "notebook dump," a reprocessing of his old stories padded out with the bits that got cut the first time around. (Some of these bits are delicious indeed: Oprah Winfrey, we learn, once ate a 12-pack of hotdog buns soaked in Log Cabin syrup.) But as an analyst of what the press does and why, he is no help at all. *Hot Air* is interesting primarily as an illustration—a textbook, really—of contemporary media criticism.

That criticism was brought into existence in reaction to a crisis: Newspaper readership is declining, the quality of TV news is declining, the length of network soundbites is declining, standards of analysis are declining. . . . Decline, decline, decline. "Change and decay is all around I see," Mr. Dooley lamented when the Hungarians moved into the old neighborhood, and media critics share his Irish gloom. Ours, Kurtz writes, is "a culture sinking into the gutter." And the lead weights pulling us ever downward are known to all: "Violence-soaked movies, sex-saturated sitcoms, the more virulent strains of rap music, [and] trash talk."

Mainstream media critics inevitably mutate into moralists—it's one of the hazards of the job—but whether as critic or moralist, Kurtz fails in his first task, which is to make distinctions. "Trash talk" is the subject of his book—that, and the destructive effects of too much talk on the mainstream press. Under that wide umbrella he crowds in Rush Limbaugh, Ted Koppel, conspiracy cranks on the Internet, Larry King, the *McLaughlin Group* and the *Capital Gang*, Geraldo Rivera and the omnivorous Oprah, Don Imus and Roger Ailes and Michael Kinsley. There are heroes among them—Koppel, of course, and King and Kinsley, with reservations—but the rest represent for Kurtz an unrelieved tableau of vulgarity. He can elide from the relatively sober Limbaugh to the querulous quintet on *McLaughlin* to the mildly kooky G. Gordon Liddy to the wacko "Mark from Michigan," in hopes of rendering them collectively as a single perilous phenomenon of Talk.

And to underscore the peril it poses to the main-

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stream press, he must postulate like all mythologists an Eden of long ago, a Golden Age when Americans got their news straight. There's a strong strain of nostalgia in mainstream press criticism. It's difficult to know when or where this *ancien régime* of uncorrupted journalism actually existed. In the yellow journalism of the Hearst papers? In the White House press room under JFK or FDR? In the post-Watergate *Washington Post*? Perhaps in the days when Edward R. Murrow was interviewing Jayne Mansfield, and Walter Cronkite was co-hosting a kiddie show with a make-believe cow? Kurtz doesn't try to tell us; the fallen state of American journalism is simply assumed. Suddenly, he writes, "viewers and listeners now [have] to be on guard, to decipher and decode the mixed messages from this rapidly changing media culture."

CONSERVATIVES SHOULD GO AHEAD AND ADMIT THAT THE RIGHT DOMINATES THE "TALK CULTURE," FROM RUSH LIMBAUGH TO THE *CAPITAL GANG*.

The date of the Fall can be traced with some precision, and it seems roughly to correspond to the rise of right-wingers on the chat shows. (Conservatives should go ahead and admit that the right dominates the "talk culture," from Limbaugh to the *Capital Gang*. The most notable exception, on CNN, is *Reliable Sources*, where a panel of "mainstream" reporters lament the decline of journalism, week after week. Kurtz is a regular panelist.) And he knows why conservatives are so successful on radio and TV: Liberalism is just too complex for the soundbite-crazed electronic media.

"Subtle arguments," he writes, referring in this instance to the liberal position on affirmative action, "were lost amid the shouting at CNN." Conservatives like Pat Buchanan and George Will were comfortable with lack of nuance. But the unhappy chumps hired to shout them down, like Kinsley, Tom Braden, and Sam Donaldson, found it difficult. Ben Bradlee failed on an early tryout for *This Week with David Brinkley* because he's "not a knee-jerk liberal." Kinsley, for his part, "could not function on television as a Clinton 'surrogate'," which will come as a surprise to most *Crossfire* viewers, as well as to George Stephanopoulos, who offered Kinsley a job as a Clinton speechwriter.

It is probably coincidence that in *Hot Air* the subtle thinkers, the guys too good for TV, happen to be liberals, or rather liberals who decline to be identified as such. Mainstream critics have determined, as we've seen, that liberal bias isn't a problem. This is also why Kurtz can let drop a truly "horrendous" datum—that in network news coverage before the 1994 election, 100 percent of the comments about Newt Gingrich were negative—and then return without further comment to pummeling Rush Limbaugh for complaining about media bias. For Kurtz and his colleagues, the media's problems are far more complex. Are soundbites corrupting democracy? Does the accelerated news cycle hurt long-range government planning? And the big one: Is money—particularly lush speaking fees—corrupting journalism?

Fallows, too, wants to follow the money—indeed, both he and Kurtz seem to be using the same money-chasing clips. They cite the work of James Warren, sometime media critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, who has broken several stories that turn the stomach of every media critic. In the fall of 1994, for example, NBC's Tim Russert received $20,000 to interview Robert Rubin and Bob Dole in an appearance before the American Bankers Association. Similarly, the critics report, Cokie Roberts and her husband Steven V. of *U.S. News & World Report* planned to accept a ludicrously large speaking fee from the criminals at Philip Morris. There are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of such stories, and the horror they evoke from Fallows and Kurtz seems genuine enough.

Yet it's difficult to grasp the essence of their complaint. "The more time you spend with lobbyists and corporate officials," Kurtz writes, "the more you come to identify with their world view." Paid speaking engagements, says Fallows, "reinforce the idea that journalists are really just performers, who put on a show for a price."

There's a certain rough justice in all this indignation, as incoherent or implausible as it may be. The revolution is once again eating its children. For 20 years the baby-boomer press has discharged a kind of free-floating moralism into public life, most of it poorly thought out, and now it has entangled the boomer press itself. The sanctimony can pop out anywhere, anytime, from anyone. Tom Brokaw, who is paid $2 million a year to read other people's words from a teleprompter, refuses those big speaking fees: "I call it white-collar crime." And Steve Roberts weighs in on the talk shows: "I've been asked to do *McLaughlin*, and I won't do it."

Now that's news: Steve Roberts turned down a chance to be on TV! Silly as it is, the highmindedness has a serious object: Media critics want to root out the source of the public's alienation with the press. But

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they should probably look elsewhere. Not many people who dislike the press worry that liberal reporters like Cokie Roberts are being bought by the tobacco companies. And surely no one is disgusted to learn that Tim Russert, or any other journalist who appears on TV, does his work "for a price."

But for Fallows, "price" is the problem. He quotes ABC's Jim Wooten: "Journalism, or reporting, whatever you want to call it, is diminished by the quest for money. . . . Reporters should not do things mainly for money." (Wooten makes several hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.) The mainstream critics believe the press should remain always beyond the vulgar tug of commerce; that it has been debased, not by bias or ideological conformity, but by the allurements of the world.

This view is part of a larger self-image with which journalism flatters itself : the press-as-clerisy, a sanctified class that raises its gaze to the greater good while everyone else pursues meaner interests. The arrogance implicit here is far closer to the real source of the public disenchantment that troubles our media critics. Fallows hints at it himself, taking gentle swipes at such princes of the press as Mike Wallace and Peter Jennings for being out of touch with the plebes.

How then to regain the public's affection? *Breaking the News* closes with a call for "public journalism," a nonce enthusiasm of many media critics. Public journalism is "cooperative, collaborative." It goes beyond the whipsaw of daily news reporting to place events in context. It is saturated in *conscience.* "Journalism," says Fallows, "could not survive if 'public life is not going well.'" Reporters must therefore ensure that public life *is* going well. Under sway of public journalism, newspapers have undertaken some remarkable experiments. They've held citizen "summits" and convened mock legislatures for their readers. They've reported on "solutions" as well as problems and asked politicians the questions their readers wanted to ask. At the *New Orleans Times Picayune*, "black and white reporters . . . tried for a while to exchange lives with each other, putting themselves as much as possible into the other's racial position and seeing their community through the other's eyes." Public journalism is growth therapy: not only for Democracy but for reporters too.

The august David Broder of the *Washington Post* is one of its patron saints. In 1990 he wrote: "It is time for us in the world's freest press to become activists . . . on behalf of the process of self-government." It's worth noting that public journalism was conceived shortly after the debacle of 1988, when, as most reporters know, the Republicans won a third straight presidency by illegitimate means: first the Reagan hypnosis, then the visage of Willie Horton. In their vanity, many members of the press blamed themselves for George Bush's ascension—and for the soundbite ethic, the negative advertising, the superficial reporting that allowed such supposed cynicism to succeed. As a consequence they have undertaken to raise the consciousness of their customers.

Fallows pretends that the techniques of public journalism are resisted by the "press establishment." This is a dodge, as he inadvertently concedes: "Although [*Washington Post* editor] Leonard Downie objects vehemently to public journalism in theory, he has said that he respects most of the actual journalistic projects that have been done in its name." Downie's view is unambiguous: "These are not new ways of reporting." And he's right. The cure is simply another form of the disease, as reformers reform their earlier reforms. After all, much of what Fallows derides in political coverage—its fascination with "inside baseball," for example—was itself a reform of an earlier style of reporting, in which journalists merely told readers what politicians were saying. That reportage came to be considered the work of a public-relations patsy—it would be far better to give readers "context," background, the inside scoop. In the end, public journalism will prove to be equally unsatisfying. Reform follows reform, and still the public turns off Dan Rather and flips on Rush Limbaugh.

IN THEIR VANITY, MANY MEMBERS OF THE PRESS BLAMED THEMSELVES FOR GEORGE BUSH'S ASCENSION—FOR THE CYNICISM THEY IMAGINED ALLOWED HIM TO WIN.

Under either "public" or "traditional" journalism, the press's view of itself as a clerisy, as an agent of uplift, remains unchanged. Yet with the exfoliation of "non-traditional" sources of information, the pose grows ever harder to hold; technology has exploded the conceit. Cleric-critics like Fallows and Kurtz cast their eye over the new regime of radio gasbags, TV shoutathons, and Internet yahoos, and like a Park Avenue matron finding a gang of stevedores in the front parlor, they ask: "Who *are* all these people?" There's a kind of poignancy to the worry, something touching in the cluelessness. For all its aimless moralizing, its chin-wagging and brow-knitting, mainstream media criticism may be nothing more than the death rattle of an old order passing away. ♦

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Salman Rushdie: The Postcolonial Dickens

By Paul Cantor

Given what happened to him after the publication of *The Satanic Verses*, who could criticize Salman Rushdie if he became a little gun-shy? His first substantial literary effort after the death threats against him was a children's book called *Haroun and the Sea of Stories*, a work so disappointingly simplistic that it seemed the Ayatollah had succeeded in silencing Rushdie as the powerful satiric voice he had proven to be in earlier works like *Midnight's Children* and *Shame*. But with his fifth novel, *The Moor's Last Sigh* (Pantheon Books, 435 pages, $25), Rushdie is, happily, back to his old form.

Perhaps too close to his old form. *The Moor's Last Sigh* features many of the themes and even the characters of previous work, among them Aadam Sinai from *Midnight's Children* and Zeenat Vakil from *The Satanic Verses*. But the new book lacks the intensity of focus as well as the inspired flights of imaginative writing in these earlier novels, which I count among the notable literary works of our time. Nothing in *The Moor's Last Sigh* can match, for example, the surrealistic evocation of the nightmarish labyrinth of the Sundarbans jungle in *Midnight's Children*. But Rushdie has always been an uneven writer, and at least *The Moor's Last Sigh* is far superior to *Haroun* or his disastrous first novel, *Grimus*. It falls roughly in the middle of his creative achievement.

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The Moor's Last Sigh is a complicated novel, at times too complicated for its own good. Rushdie introduces some characters only to dispose of them a few pages later, thus giving a breathless quality to his narrative, no doubt in an attempt to mirror the frenetic pace of modern life but making the book difficult to follow. Still, many of Rushdie's best characteristics as an author are in evidence. He can be very funny, although he is still too prone to pun merely for the sake of punning. He writes some of the liveliest prose in contemporary fiction, in part because he allows the syntax, vocabulary, and rhythms of Indian speech to enrich his English. He is a master at creating characters, often with only a few broad strokes. When Rushdie gets serious, he sometimes descends into bathos, especially when he tries to write steamy love scenes (which are the only truly awkward passages in the book), but he is capable of moments of genuine pathos as well.

RUSHDIE WRITES SOME OF THE LIVELIEST PROSE IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION, AND IS A MASTER AT CREATING CHARACTERS.

Spanning four generations in the life of a prominent business family in India, *The Moor's Last Sigh* is a kind of Bombay *Buddenbrooks*, and the divisions within the family repeatedly mirror the larger divisions within Indian society as a whole. The central character and narrator, half-Jewish, half-Christian Moraes Zogoiby, falls victim to a peculiar biological fate that makes him age at twice the rate of normal human beings. In *Midnight's Children*, Rushdie symbolizes the fate of postcolonial India in the story of a strange set of telepathic children born with a variety of magical powers in the first hour of Indian independence on August 15, 1947. In a somewhat pale imitation of that brilliant idea, Rushdie intends Moraes's rapid growth to serve as a metaphor for the uncontrolled development of postcolonial life: "Like the city itself, Bombay of my joys and sorrows, I mushroomed into a huge urbane sprawl of a fellow, I expanded without time for proper planning, without any pauses to learn from my experiences or my mistakes or my contemporaries, without time for reflection. How then could I have turned out to be anything but a mess?"

The story of Moraes's mother, Aurora da Gama Zogoiby, forms the imaginative core of the novel; as one of India's most famous artists, she paints a picture called "The Moor's Last Sigh" that serves as a central symbol. Aurora is a magical realist, alternating naturalistic portrayals of the miserable life of the Bombay poor with mythical refigurations of Indian history—a hybrid art like Rushdie's itself. Indeed, when Rushdie describes

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Aurora's art as "the mythic-romantic mode in which history, family, politics and fantasy jostled each other," he might have been characterizing *The Moor's Last Sigh*.

As Michael Valdez Moses has argued, Rushdie uses magical realism—the literary strategy that intertwines the fantastic and the realistic made famous by Gabriel García Márquez in his novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*—to capture an India caught in the crosscurrents between modern Western rationality and its own traditional ways. He combines a journalistic fidelity to the hard facts of life in India with a skilled evocation of the myths and family legends that form part of the texture of everyday existence, even in a sophisticated city like Bombay. For example, Moraes may be nothing more than what he appears to be—the son of Abraham Zogoiby—but Rushdie leaves open the more romantic possibility that he is the product of a fling rumored to have taken place between his mother and his nation's founding prime minister, Nehru. The duality of Rushdie's vision is reflected even in the style of the book. Rushdie employs many of the hypersophisticated techniques of postmodern fiction, but at the same time he tries to give an oral quality to his storytelling, as if he were not an artful novelist but a simple village elder repeating the legends of his tribe.

In so doing, Rushdie might be dubbed the "postcolonial Dickens." No other writer is more successful at conveying a sense of the distinctive reality of life in a Third World nation. He does not idealize it; he shows it honestly, warts and all, moving from the grotesque comedy of absurd government policies to the deep pathos of dashed hopes and failed aspirations. Judging by many of Rushdie's public pronouncements on political issues, one might be tempted to dismiss him as a typical left-wing, anti-Western intellectual who has supported all sorts of fashionable radical causes. But Rushdie the novelist is not Rushdie the polemicist; his fiction gives a far subtler and more balanced view of the world. That is why he has been roundly condemned throughout the Third World and why the literary critical establishment in the academy has increasingly turned against him. Rushdie satirizes postcolonial intellectuals in *The Moor's Last Sigh*, having one of them write a treatise on Aurora Zogoiby with a title so pretentious and gimmicky that it would be right at home in the program of a Modern Language Association convention: *Impersonation and Dis/Semi/Nation: Dialogics of Eclecticism and Interrogations of Authenticity in A.Z.*

Rushdie is no simpleminded cheerleader for the cause of Third World regimes. In *The Moor's Last Sigh* he is highly critical of British colonial rule in India, but he is also willing to show the ways in which an independent India has failed to make good on its promises to improve upon conditions under the British Raj. When Moraes ends up in a contemporary Indian prison, he reflects upon the downward spiral in postcolonial India: "My forebears . . . and my mother too, had spent time in British-Indian jails; but this post-Independence made-in-India institution was far beyond their worst imaginings." Rushdie documents the many forms of corruption in the postcolonial regime in India, culminating in the amusing "Indian variation" on Einstein's Theory of Relativity that one character formulates with the late prime minister Indira Gandhi's family in mind: "Everything is for relative. Not only light bends, but everything. For relative we can bend a point, bend the truth, bend employment criteria, bend the law. D equals mc squared where D is for Dynasty, m is for mass of relatives, and c of course is for corruption."

In one of the most hilarious episodes in the novel, Rushdie takes on the left directly. Moraes's grandfather, Camoens da Gama, becomes an enthusiast of the Russian Revolution and is especially excited when he hears about a Soviet scheme to train a group of Lenin look-alikes to spread the communist gospel throughout Russia. Camoens wants to adapt this scheme immediately to India and begins training a local crew of Lenins. Unfortunately, when one of the authentic counterfeit Lenins travels from Russia to India to inspect Camoens's troupe of actors, he is disturbed by their foreign appearance to the point of racism: "Vladimir Ilyich asks what is the meaning of this outrage. . . . These

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persons have blackness of skin and their features are not his." And in the end, the attempt to turn the Third World Lenins loose on a local crowd proves to be a comedy of errors:

> In Malayalam, Kannada, Tulu, Konkani, Tamil, Telugu and English they proclaimed the revolution, they demanded the departure of the . . . blood-sucking cockroaches of imperialism. . . . Babeling Lenins, their beards coming loose in the heat, addressed the now-enormous crowd; which began, little by little at first, and then in a great swelling tide to guffaw.

To be sure, Rushdie's leftism does play a significant part in the novel. The story deals with one of India's leading companies in the spice trade, which later becomes a sprawling financial conglomerate. Rushdie makes it clear that, in his view, capitalism is indistinguishable from gangsterism. Yet even here Rushdie's instincts as a novelist override his ideological intentions. He cannot help betraying a kind of grudging admiration for the human energy, vitality, and ingenuity of capitalism in action, and in the end the business figures in his novel come off no worse than the socialists or other political figures he portrays.

The great theme of Rushdie's writing ever since *Midnight's Children* has been cultural hybridity—what happens when you try to combine seemingly incompatible elements from different cultures into some kind of larger synthesis. The results range from the political—like the inadvertently comic effort to impose Marxism on India—to the cultural—like the phenomenon one of the book's characters calls "'Country and Eastern' music, a set of twangy songs about ranches and trains and love and cows with an idiosyncratic Indian twist."

Most controversially, Rushdie explores the unavoidable conflict between basing a community on a secular principle—the Western way—and basing it on a sacred principle. He realizes that introducing the secular political principles of Western-style liberal democracy into a traditional community inevitably undermines the very faith that gives meaning to the lives of its citizens.

Rootless cosmopolitanism appears as a profoundly corrosive force in *The Moor's Last Sigh.* At the same time, Rushdie realizes that unenlightened parochialism is not the answer either. The amalgam of religion and politics can lead to the kind of religious strife that has torn the Indian subcontinent apart for centuries and that has been responsible for millions of deaths in the postcolonial era alone. It is the very same religious fanaticism that resulted in the threats against Rushdie's life.

NO SIMPLEMINDED CHEERLEADER FOR THIRD WORLD REGIMES, RUSHDIE IS WILLING TO DOCUMENT THE CORRUPTION AFTER INDEPENDENCE

The complexity of Rushdie's analysis emerges clearly in his treatment of a character called Mainduck, a Hindu nationalist with fascist tendencies. Mainduck is one of the many who want to return to a primordial India of pure Hinduism: "He spoke of a golden age 'before the invasions' when good Hindu men and women could roam free. 'Now our freedom, our beloved nation, is buried beneath the things the invaders have built. This true nation is what we must reclaim from beneath the layers of alien empires.'"

And yet Mainduck is at the same time capable of instructing his fanatical followers in the virtues of hybrid culture in India: "But when they began . . . to belittle the culture of Indian Islam that lay palimpsest-fashion over the face of Mother India, Mainduck . . . thundered at them. . . . Then he would sing ghazals and recite Urdu poetry—Faiz, Josh, Iqbal—from memory and speak of the glories of Fatehpur Sikri and the moonlit splendor of the Taj."

Like Mainduck, many of Rushdie's characters crave the moral, political, and religious certainty of life in the tribe, but they also are drawn to the cultural richness and diversity that result only when different civilizations meet and interact, even if one is colonizing the other. At times, Rushdie himself seems to indulge in a postmodern celebration of cultural difference for its own sake, but he is just as likely to lament the loss of a solid sense of identity in the fluid world of contemporary multiculturalism.

In one of the most moving passages in the novel, Moraes, drawing upon the ambiguity of the term *Indian,* gives voice to the bewilderment of the uprooted, modern intellectual, displaced from his homeland, forever denied any sense of belonging:

> In a way I had been in Indian country all my life, learning . . . to follow its trails . . . sending up smoke-signals, beating its drums, pushing out its frontiers. . . . Not even an Indian was safe in Indian country; not if he was the wrong sort of Indian, anyway—wearing the wrong sort of head-dress, speaking the wrong language, dancing the wrong dances, worshipping the wrong gods. . . . In Indian country, there was no room for a man who didn't want to belong to a tribe, who dreamed of moving beyond.

In this eloquent cry of a cultural exile, it is hard not to hear the voice of Rushdie himself. Indeed, by contriving the plot so that Moraes has written the narrative largely while in prison and under the threat of death from a madman, Rushdie offers a compelling image of his own troubled fate as a writer. ♦

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Books

When Simple Isn't Easy

By Rachel Flick Wildavsky

Here is a story that has captivated hundreds of thousands of Americans:

Not long ago, there was a successful businesswoman. She and her husband had "bought into the Bigger is Better and More is Better Yet philosophies of the 1980s." People wanted her all the time. Her appointment book was "the size of Nebraska." Life was hectic.

One day, she decided to clear a weekend and go to a nice country inn. There, she rethought everything. She concluded that her life was too complicated. She wanted back her freedom. Accordingly, she returned home and quit her job.

In doing so, she opted for less money—though, thanks to those years of greed, not no money—and more time. She and her husband disposed of many belongings, moved to a smaller house in Santa Barbara, and dedicated themselves to doing only what they wanted to do.

Our heroine is Elaine St. James, who recounts her story in the introduction to *Simplify Your Life* (Hyperion, 242 pages, $6.95). The book is bound in simple, tasteful beige with simple, austere lettering in a square, precious size. Its back cover tells shoppers that St. James and her husband "live a simple, peaceful life in California." It has sold so well that its publisher has also brought out an equally simple sequel: *Inner Simplicity* (Hyperion, 238 pages, $7.95), bound in an understated forest green. Yet a third volume, *Living the Simple Life*, is scheduled for release this spring.

The body of each of the first two books consists of 100 short tips on how to do what St. James did. Some of her tips are practical time-savers ("Cut your laundering chore in half"). Some are money-savers ("Reduce your go-go entertainment")—important because, in pursuit of their freedom, her readers have quit their day jobs. The rest of her advice concerns new ways readers can spend their now-abundant time.

Her tale of liberation, with the 200 tips, has made St. James one of the leading figures in a nascent movement that calls itself "voluntary simplicity." "Simplifiers"—who also sometimes call themselves "downshifters"—are a heterogeneous group of uncertain size whose members have traded money for time. They work less than they could, earn less, and live on less—more fulfillingly, they say.

Some, like St. James, reject work because they associate it with the eighties and that decade's alleged celebration of money. Others reject work because they connect it to exploitation of the environment—we work because our consumer culture compels us to buy things; the making of those things rapes the earth. Still other simplifiers say frankly that they just don't like working. They find it stressful. They would rather be free.

The movement has lately received impressive media attention, running the gamut from *Oprah* to the *Wall Street Journal*. Much of that coverage has focused on the St. James story. The *New York Times* even ran a couple of photos of St. James: one of her solemnly displaying the new, simpler contents of her closet, and another of her seated on a rock, gazing out to sea.

At first blush, there is something to respect in St. James's story, as there is in the movement. She asks for nothing from anyone else. She lives on what she has, insisting only on the freedom to make her own choices. And even if one doesn't share her view of the decade that enabled her to prepare financially for her current freedom, one can

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understand her desire for what money can't buy.

But St. James and her movement also suffer from some seriously misguided ideas. One is that people want money only for foolish or vicious reasons. Another is that free time is necessarily a good thing. Reading her will convince anyone who didn't already know so that, much as we may love our leisure, work benefits us in far more than material ways. In fact, an afternoon spent with St. James's books is enough to make the rabid pursuit of filthy lucre seem like a morally healthy way of life.

For St. James, it's probably also a way of life to which she is better suited, if her advice on housekeeping is any indication. She is proud of having abandoned her income, "fired the maid," and joined the no-nonsense, frugal folks who clean their own homes. Unfortunately, her tips on housework are often either commonplace or poor. For instance, St. James's fundamental economy and life-changing discovery is a "program" that she calls "uncluttering." Go through every closet, every drawer, in every room, and get rid of what you don't need. Non-downshifters know this as "cleaning up." She also states that she cut her meal-preparation time in half by "simplifying" her diet—eating no processed food, less meat, and lots of "fresh fruits, vegetables and grains." Good nutrition, probably; fashionable, certainly. But faster than a steak and potato? She further recommends that you "simplify" your grocery shopping by planting a garden—something like simplifying your travel planning by building a plane.

Her only household advice that would actually save time amounts to: Be dirtier. Wash one load of laundry every two weeks. Choose busy, patterned carpets. Don't "dress for success" but for "comfort and convenience" (which is not, as you might imagine, washable, wrinkle-free polyester but "natural fabrics"). Also, adopt a sort of uniform. Select a couple of simple garments and buy a bunch of them, all in "muted" shades so that everything will go with everything else. No jewelry. And "have you ever seen a face that was improved by makeup?"

St. James claims to save time with these homely measures. But she saves even more time by following one simple rule: Abandon everything and everybody you don't feel like dealing with. Here, the tips come thick and fast. "Few things complicate your life more than spending eight to ten hours a day, five to six days a week at a job you don't like," she intelligently observes. So quit. And stop reading the newspaper, with its bad news. "Until we're tuned in to our inner selves, we're often not even aware of the adverse impact tuning in to the apparent problems of the world can have on us."

Next, don't be afraid to spill human blood. "Clean up your relationships," she advises, applying one of her favorite metaphors to a step that might more accurately be described as, "Jettison the needy." "Perhaps it's time to think about moving on from a friendship that no longer works for you." In carrying out these measures, remember that "regaining touch with the art of communication" means that you should not try to soften the impact of your new policies. Courteous evasions are a weakness. Learn, like St. James, to say, "'Sorry, but there is someone else I'd rather be talking to.'" Don't answer the phone; don't go to the door. Fumes the author, "We've all been trained to be polite to guests."

If this brutal candor is too hard for you—if you are "a pushover"—St. James recommends that you lie. Draw up a list of all-purpose excuses and paste it by your phone. When someone calls, you'll be all ready with your fib.

If you do decide to keep a few people in your life, don't do anything for them. This means no entertaining. She and her husband have found that it is a lot trouble. Their solution? They meet their (remaining) friends in restaurants, "dutch treat." St. James does admit that there's one problem with this plan. Secondhand smoke. It has driven so many people out of restaurants! If your friends hate second-hand smoke as much as hers do, she recommends that you try pot luck.

Avoid not just doing for others, but giving to them as well. If you absolutely can't help yourself, give them some object you already own and don't want. St. James designated a section in her linen closet for collecting and storing such items. She then announced to her family and friends that, henceforth, that is all they would be receiving from her. Of course, they should feel free "to pass on . . . these 'treasures' to someone else."

For what purpose has St. James abandoned the human race? Here it gets sadly predictable: weird therapies, fruit-juice diets, ersatz religions—the whole New Age ball of wax.

St. James desires to connect to "a power that is larger than ourselves, whether we think of it as God, a supreme being, or simply the energy of the universe." Or maybe Elaine St. James. Curiously, in nearly every sentence in which the reader might anticipate the word "God"—or "supreme being" or "energy of the universe"—he finds instead a reference to the subject's own "intuition," "heart," or, simply, "self." When the text seems to prepare the reader to expect something about getting to know God's will, there is instead something about getting to know "what's really important" to the seeker.

To learn God's will was . . . well, simpler. To learn one's own, here's what St. James recommends: Set

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aside time to laugh, first thing every morning. This will be hard as "we are not encouraged to laugh a lot in this culture." Arrange to cry every day. This too will be hard, as "crying is discouraged in our culture." Practice dying—literally, lie down and practice. Also—presumably not when dead—"Make a point of connecting with your breath." Invent a dance: "whirl and twirl or stomp and rock." And, in the midst of all this, follow Tip No. 81: "Do less." Even Tip No. 82: "Do nothing."

Where did St. James go wrong, from that weekend in the country when she so reasonably decided she wanted her freedom? Her first mistake—and one of the central errors of the movement—was to harbor too low an opinion of why most Americans labor for their money. (Some simplifiers even disparage work as "selling yourself for money.") St. James assumes that the only reason people work hard is to consume conspicuously—competing with friends and neighbors in a shallow war of appearances—or to "buy happiness" through fancy toys and entertainments. Yet most who labor seek not an appearance but security. This is not an easy goal to accomplish, and attaining it is a genuine achievement. (On some level, St. James must know this, which is why she tends to brag about her past success.) More fortunate laborers seek not only security but comfort and pleasure—which are not dirty words to those who lack them. Only after amassing a pile to "unclutter" did St. James find it possible to adopt a superior tone toward those who strive to improve their lives with things.

To be fair, not all simplifiers are like St. James. When she quit her job, she had a nest egg that made relative idleness an option. Others in the movement downshift to live on next to nothing. For them, unemployment or reduced employment doesn't mean free time to practice dying so much as it does time-consuming economies like canning, repairing their own cars, and sewing their own clothes. These downshifters have altered their lives, not to stop working, but to do for themselves and their families what they'd otherwise have to earn money to pay for.

However reasonable downshifting may be for some, in St. James's case—and, one fears, in the cases of those under her influence—it seems to amount to little more than navel-gazing. In her second simplicity bible, St. James describes an experience she had while washing grapes. She paused to admire them—their color and so forth. "In those few moments I sensed my whole awareness expanding. I felt full to the brim, and I hadn't even eaten the grapes yet!"

Get that woman a job. ♦

Americana

Be Casual . . . or Else

By Evan Gahr

On "Casual Friday," let the dresser beware: Anyone who fails to dress down properly violates the rigid office code that masquerades as informality. Accidentally wear a tie to work and you'll be treated with all the tolerance accorded conservatives on college campuses.

Every Casual Friday summons forth a herd of independent dressers. But no matter how many people come to work Friday decked out for a barbecue—and quite a lot do, now that two-thirds of companies nationwide have adopted this mandatory casual day—the fact remains that a good dress code, signifying high standards and self-respect, has been replaced with a fraud.

Wearing sports clothes as opposed to the business attire required the rest of the week isn't casual. It simply substitutes one uniform for another. "So I don't have to wear stockings, big deal," says Liz Sarachek, a Dow Jones Global Media sales representative. "To me casual is ripped jeans and a baseball cap."

John Molloy, author of *Dress for Success*, says that Casual Friday has been around for more than two decades but took off about five years ago. Businesses that were trimming costs found a "perk for employees that cost nothing." Many now allow casual dressing five days a week—which fits right in with the pseudo-informality creeping into corporate life. People now answer the phone with just their first names.

But Molloy says the policy isn't as popular as everyone thinks. Employees must go to great lengths to dress down *comme il faut*. "You can't put on what you wear on Saturday. You need a third wardrobe." Indeed, for all the talk about bringing employees together, dressing down accentuates differences. Molloy says that women executives take pains to dress differently from secretaries; and various types of employees within companies make sure to wear their own distinctive attire. Finding the right casual look is tough.

"The emergence of Casual Fridays has created a fine line of fashion dos and don'ts," proclaimed

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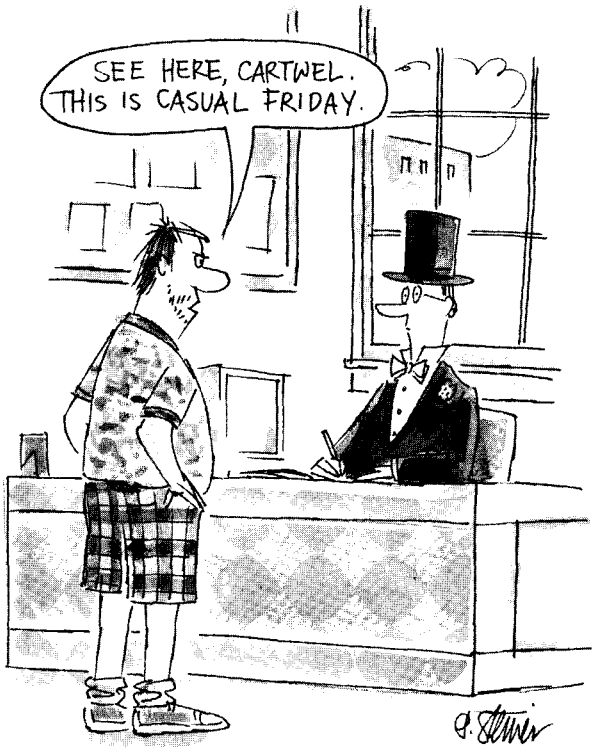
GQ publisher Michael Perlis when the magazine recently kicked off its "Breaking the Code fashion show," featuring selections from Armani, Donna Karan, and other top designers. There's now a whole line of "relaxed" business wear. "Our Pronto Uomo men's collection [is] perfect for today's more casual office dress code," a full page Nordstrom advertisement in the *New York Times* proclaimed in December. There are "Fridaywear shirts" from Brooks Brothers and a "relaxed dress shirt" from Joseph Abboud.

How to put it all together? As part of an elaborate marketing campaign, Levi-Strauss has published a "Guide to Casual Businesswear," which advises: "Pressed shirts with open collars worn with T-shirts in muted colors are generally acceptable." And in case that doesn't explain it, the company has "casual counselors" available through a toll-free number to sort through the details. "Casual" can be misunderstood, says spokesman Brad Williams. "Some people hear casual and think T-shirts and shorts."

Dow Jones's Sarachek knows that casual day isn't slob day. But she still finds the intricacies of relaxed dressing quite stressful. "Can you wear open-toe sandals? What about a skort?" What about casual skirts? "Who decides what's too short? Does someone come in and measure the distance between the knee and the skirt? Is there a Casual Friday police?"

Well, sort of: Someone, whether it's a supervisor, a human resources executive, or an up-and-coming employee, inevitably sets the standard of dress other employees are compelled to emulate. Like any attack on standards, Casual Friday simply substitutes its own rigorous dicta under the guise of breaking rules. This is no different from the adamantly non-judgmental person whose "anything goes" philosophy is itself a value judgment or the literary critic who says quality is relative and then judges every single work by how it reflects the experiences of women and minorities.



Although the specifics of acceptable casual attire vary from company to company and region to region, they're enforced quite strictly. When the Rockford, Michigan-based Wolverine World Wide, Inc., maker of Hush Puppies, implemented Casual Friday two years ago, some employees went overboard with T-shirts and sweat shirts. So that employees wouldn't come to work dressed to wash cars, the company laid down the law. Says Wolverine spokesman Jim Lovejoy, a "memo wouldn't do it," because this is the "audiovisual age." The company produced a video of its own employees in acceptable and unacceptable casual attire.

On Casual Fridays at Dean Witter in New York City, people dress for a golf course, says a female employee. Well, not just any golf course. Shorts aren't allowed. Although there's no official policy, workers made a point of wearing collar shirts without insignias. The one exception: Mickey Mouse.

On a recent visit to a New Jersey pharmaceutical company that has an elaborate Casual Friday manual, consultant Robert Goldberg found male and female employees dressed identically. "It was really spooky. Everyone was wearing crew neck sweaters with khakis and braided belts. It looked like one of those coffee houses—the only thing missing was cotton aprons."

Other companies don't rely on formal policy—yet are just as strict. When the Chicago-based Quaker Oats implemented Casual Friday in 1989, there were no written rules. Employees soon understood what was off-limits. But first, workers who crossed the line were "counseled" on the error of their ways. Human resources director Ann Gootee says that they were told, "Jeans are unacceptable." Khakis aren't much better.

In other words, it's impossible for companies not to have a dress code. Casual Friday is a bad one and deserves to give way to the traditional dress code—which doesn't pretend to be anything that it is not. ♦

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Parody

Clinton Considers Poking Dowd in Eye

McCurry Vows Revenge Against President's Critics

By Ann Devroy
Washington Post Staff Writer

White House press secretary Michael McCurry continued the Clinton administration counterattack on the president's critics yesterday with threats of presidential violence against the eyes of Maureen Dowd of the New York Times, the genitals of Bosnian Serb strongman Ratko Mladic, the rear end of House Speaker Newt Gingrich, the village of House Majority Leader Dick Armey and the pinkie of Heloise of "Hints from Heloise."

At a raucous press conference, McCurry first took aim at a Sunday Maureen Dowd column. "This column was filled with absolutely scandalous and mean-spirited untruths. Of course, I haven't read it and neither has the president," McCurry said. "However, if he had read it, and if she ever dared to show her face at the White House, the president would gouge her eyes out."

A round of questions on Bosnia drew sharp responses from McCurry, who was quick to stress the overall success of the president's Bosnia trip. But he admitted there were still "huge differences between our own reasonable positions and those held by the genocidal Serbian extremists and their allies in the Republican Congress." Asked about the continuing intransigence of Bosnian Serb leader Radko Mladic, McCurry admitted, "Mladic continues to be a problem. In fact, if the president were back in Bosnia right now and not on Air Force One, he'd probably chop Mladic's genitalia off and feed them to the pigs."

Not until halfway through the press conference did McCurry receive a question on the prospects for ongoing budget negotiations. He indicated that the president was displeased with the "extremist, hardline, baby-endangering" stance the Republicans had taken. "If Newt Gingrich weren't out fundraising in Montana right now, the president would probably kick his fat ass, like in the scene in 'Goodfellas,' when they kill the guy and have to bury him twice."

Nonetheless, McCurry seemed to place much of the blame for the current budget impasse on House Majority Leader Armey (R-Tex.) "If this were 11th-century Mongolia and President Clinton were Genghis Khan," McCurry said, "the president would probably burn Mr. Armey's village to the ground, eviscerate his brothers, kidnap his wife, and sell his children into slavery."

A late question on the conduct of Hillary Clinton in the travel office firings drew an even sharper response. "If the president were allowed under the Constitution to use chemical weapons on private citizens," McCurry said, "D'Am-

See DISMEMBERMENT, A8, Col. 1

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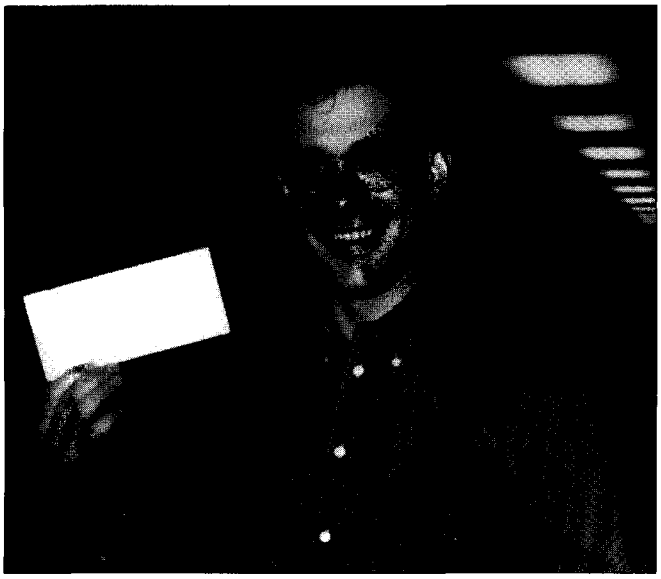

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